CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

All rights reserved. The contents of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission.

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1911.

COVER DESIGN by PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

The Crows	Thomas A. Daly	*Reverse Frontispiece*
Illustrating the Scarlet Strand	Percy Edward Anderson	*Frontispiece*
Money-Mad Farming With Photographs.	Rex Croasdell	403
Night. Verse	Mary Garvin	411
The Scarlet Strand. A Story Illustrations by Percy Edward Anderson.	Edward B. Waterworth	412
Master of the River With Photographs.	Norman Rankin	422
The Hopeless Case of Artabanus Biffle Illustrations by Peter Newell.	Ellis Parker Butler	429
The Daughter. Verse	Mary Wheelwright	432
After Fifty Years with Job. A Story Illustrations by C. A. MacLellan.	Jeanette Marks	433
On the Trail. Verse	C. L. Armstrong	441
Joan of the Violets Illustrated by Donald McGregor.	J. H. Reid	442
The Woman who Lost Waterloo. A Story Illustrated by Gordon Stevenson.	Arthur James Smith	447
Builders by the Sea With Photographs.	Bonnycastle Dale	453
The Gate of the Singing Winds. Verse	Sara Hamilton Birchall	458
The Second Wrestler. A Story	Floy Campbell	459
The Pilot. Verse	Cy Warman	462
The Pedlar's Pack	"Kit"	463
Grafting on Galicia With Photographs.	Henry Schiller	468
The Right Angle	The Editor	472
The Story of the Play		475
Chestnuts and Cheese		480

Issued monthly. Price in Canada and Great Britain, $1.50 a year, 15 cents a copy; in the United States, $2.00 a year, 20 cents a copy.

Published by the VANDERHOOF-GUNN COMPANY, LTD., Silvester-Willson Building, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

London 382 Clarence St. Toronto 162 Bay Street. New York City 156 Fifth Ave. Chicago 1502 Marquette Building.

Entered in the Post Office at London, Ont., as second-class matter.

BRUCE'S SEEDS SATISFY

ESTABLISHED 61 YEARS

SPECIAL OFFER—ALL POST PAID

Bruce's Royal Nosegay Collection Sweet Peas, 1pkt. each 8 superb sorts, separate colors, for 25c
Bruce's Peerless Collection Dwarf Nasturtium, 1 pkt. each of 7 finest sorts, separate colors, for 25c
Bruce's Empire Collection Asters, 1 pkt. each of 5 magnificent varieties, separate, for 25c
Bruce's "A" Vegetable Collection, 8 pkts. different varieties, our selection, for.....25c
Bruce's "B" Vegetable Collection, 14 pkts different varieties, our selection, for 50c
Bruce's "C" Vegetable Collection, 14 pkts. different varieties, and ½ pint each Beans, Corn and Peas, our selection, for 75c

Send for our handsomely illustrated 104 page Catalogue of Vegetable, Farm and Flower Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, Poultry Supplies, Garden Implements, etc., for 1911—FREE.

Bruce's Seeds are the Cheapest, because they are the Best.

JOHN A. BRUCE & CO., LIMITED,

HAMILTON, ONT.

No More Dyspeptics

—THANKS TO—

Wilson's Invalids' Port

(a la Quina du Perou)

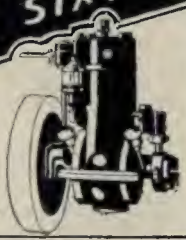
A Big Bracing Tonic

Stimulates the Appetite. Helps Digestion.

Ask Your Doctor

Powerful, reliable and economical Gasoline Engines, Marine and Stationery. STRICTLY HIGH CLASS. "The choice of the man who knows."

GILSON ENGINE "GOES LIKE SIXTY"



Made in all Sizes.
Every Engine Guaranteed
WRITE FOR CATALOG-FREE
GILSON MFG. CO. LIMITED
5 YORK ST. GUELPH. CANADA.

WALTHAM WATCH

NO matter what style watch you buy, be sure it has a WALTHAM movement and you can be sure that it's right. Your Jeweler will tell you—

"It's Time You Owned a Waltham" 8

Send for Descriptive Booklet
Waltham Watch Co. Montreal, Can.

THE CROWS

BY THOMAS A. DALY

. . . Caw! Caw! Caw!
When last we heard their cry,
These prophesying crows,
They flecked a leaden sky,
South-blown before the snows;
And down the whistling wind
Came winter's woes behind
Their caw! caw! caw!
Ne'er swelled a feathered throat
With half so sad a note.

. . . Caw! Caw! Caw!
The south hath blown them back.
With many a flashing wing
The blue's rain-sweetened track
Is augural of spring;
Again from out the sky
Floats down the raucous cry
Of caw! caw! caw!
But where's the feathered throat
That hath a gladder note?

"I DON'T SEE," SAID NORA WESTEMONDE CAUSTICALLY. "WHY A GIRL CAN'T COVER THE ASSIGNMENT AS WELL AS ANYBODY ELSE,"

Drawing by Percy Edward Anderson to illustrate *The Scarlet Strand*

See page 412

CANADA MONTHLY

VOLUME IX. LONDON, APRIL, 1911 NUMBER 6

Money-Mad Farming

By Rex Croasdell

Illustrated with Photographs

I estimate that in wheat and flax alone the State of North Dakota is shipping out each year fertility to the amount of fifty million dollars. The same thing may come true of the farm lands of Western Canada, the conditions in the two countries being identical. No country can continue indefinitely to ship out its fertility. . . . The end must come at last.—PROFESSOR THOMAS SHAW.

AND what is the end! Look over the forty-ninth parallel and see. Soil that yielded thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre under a too-easy system of agriculture ten years ago, now begrudges a scant average of less than nine; and the Dakota farmer must sweat to get even that miserable pittance. He is simply reaping what he has sown.

PROFESSOR THOMAS SHAW

Slip-shod farming is too often concomitant with cheap land and an extremely fertile soil. There were millions of acres of cheap land in the Dakotas —a few years ago; and the soil was rich. But cheap land served as a good enough excuse for shoddy farming; "*extensive* farming," some called it, but "*shoddy*" fits better and hits harder. Blinded by immediate gain, the hapless farmer could not see the pit which he was digging for himself. Grain crop followed grain crop year by year; the necessary elements of fertility for grain production were taken from the soil and no return was made. The farmer lived upon his capital, wasted the soil's substance, and wondered in the after-years why production fell off. He ate his pie and kicked because he could not keep it also. The generation before him had done the same thing in the East. The lesson, graven deep across the barren acres of

THE CANADIAN FIELD PEA, A NITROGEN-PRODUCING LEGUME, THRIVES WELL IN ALL PARTS OF THE WESTERN PROVINCES. THIS CROP WAS GROWN IN THE SWAN RIVER VALLEY

New England's exhausted farms, meant nothing to him or his kind. Does it mean anything to you?

Western Canada to-day has one too many things in common with the Dakotas of ten or more years ago. The one thing too many is the *soil-robber*—a species too often mistakenly tagged as the "pioneer farmer".

What are you going to do about it? Yes! you, Mr. Canada West Farmer. This is addressed direct to you. You, the man who, in a few years' time, will either be eulogised as a true nation-builder, or derided as a wastrel—a profligate dissipater of your country's wealth. What are you going to do about it? You must not wait ten years to decide. Your neighbors tried that experiment and found it disastrous. The hard-bought experience of others is yours to profit by—if you will. Will you practice methods which will establish in permanency the wonderful fertility of your virgin soil and secure to you bigger net profits each successive year; or do you prefer to squander your capital riotously now and suffer the pinch of a poverty-stricken soil later on? You may fatten for a while on the one-crop method of robbing the soil of its substance, but that way leads to the husks later on; and there will be no fatted calves to kill.

"But the land is cheap; and we're pioneer farmers opening up a new country," you say. Gosh Almighty, we know you are pioneer farmers; the enormous saving to you, in the price of land, is your pay for opening up this new country. Go earn your wages! "But there isn't any need for better methods. Our farms are yielding big dividends; and besides, the land is most adapted for wheat growing," say you. You point to your high average yields per acre—yields produced in spite of the folly of cropping wheat year after year. "What's biting this fellow anyhow?" you ask. I'm simply asking you to put two or three times more money in your jeans every year than

WHO SAYS CLOVER WILL NOT GROW WELL IN CANADA? THIS CLOVER FIELD GREW AND BLOSSOMED LAST YEAR IN MANITOBA. NEXT YEAR THE LAND WHERE IT GREW WILL PRODUCE A DOUBLE YIELD OF WHEAT

you are now—*and to make sure that your sons and your sons' sons will be able to do as well.* There can only be one remedy for money-mad farming—many of you *are* money-mad farmers—and that is a treatment which will clear your greed-blurred vision to see the paths which lead to greater and surer wealth. If love of country and forethought for posterity had any influence on you, the cry of the conservationist would not be heard in the land; there would be no need for his gospel.

The fault with your present system is sheer shiftlessness. You are copying the methods which have resulted in the agricultural bankruptcy of many countries which were once as good as yours. No one can deny that the Canadian West is eminently adapted for the growing of small grains. It would be foolish to contend that the wheat crop is not the axle around which the wheel of western wealth revolves. What is needed is a little more axle grease. Don't let Prosperity Unlimited be held up by any old hot-boxes.

You cannot grow wheat year after year on the same land without a simultaneous impoverishment of the soil and a consequent diminution of the average yield. In a few years such a course will lead to barren acres and exhausted farms. A bushel of wheat takes about thirty cents' worth of fertility from the soil in which it was grown. This fertility is shipped out of the country along with the wheat but it isn't paid for. Thirty cents looks cheap, but view it in the aggregate. Figure the aggregate out for yourself at thirty cents on the bushel for the total yield last year from the prairie provinces. Millions of dollars look mighty impressive as they grow up from thirty cents under your own pencil's point.

The fertility which is shipped out of the country along with the wheat doesn't represent the total loss by any means. The elements of fertility which wheat

CLOVER AND TIMOTHY TOGETHER MAKE THE BEST SORT OF FODDER. BOTH FLOURISH ON THE PRAIRIES AS THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF A READY-TO-CUT FIELD SHOWS

takes from the soil are just those elements which bind the soil together. Look out some windy day over land which has been cropped year in, year out, for a few years. Mighty dusty, isn't it? The soil *does* "blow" after the money-mad farmer has had his way with it for a few years, doesn't it? That kind of loss might represent many times thirty cents to the bushel.

Yet you can keep all this fertility at home and more along with it; increase your aggregate annual production of wheat from the same acreage; reap richer dividends from your capital and labor outlay; and establish yourself and posterity in a fixed prosperity. How? By applying the axle grease. You don't have to stop the merry whirl of the wheel of wealth to do it. Only a slight modification of your present system of farming is necessary. A rotation crop every fourth year will completely change the complexion of things—and mark this well now, a rotation crop every fourth year is an absolute necessity if you are to retain for your own profit the fertility of your soil.

Small grains thrive on nitrogenous matter in the soil; they cannot grow without it. It is the presence of enormous quantities of nitrogen in the virgin soils of Western Canada that has given the territory its pre-eminence as a producer of wheat. Wheat is profligate in its consumption of nitrogen. If wheat is grown year after year the nitrogen which it consumes in its growth must be put back into the soil sooner or later. Nitrogen is the first essential to wheat production. The farmers of the United States shipped it away with the wheat from their lands; they are now putting it back on wheatlands in the form of commercial fertilizers at a cost to them of over fifty million dollars per year. Expert chemists estimate the present value of nitrogen as 16¼ cents per pound. As far back as the early nineties, eighty billion pounds of nitrogenous material entered into the crea-

THE SAME FIELD AFTER HARVEST. THE FINEST WINTER FEED IN SASKATCHEWAN IN COCKS READY FOR THE HAY RACK AND THE STACK

tion of one harvest in the United States. *Three Billion and Four Hundred Million Dollars' worth of nitrogen to produce one harvest.* Does it get you? Do you begin to realize why you should begin to conserve the store of nitrogen in your soil? The United States wheat farmer wasted his store of nitrogen; he exported it with his wheat and now imports it at so much real money per pound. You will not be able to buy nitrogen that way. The commercial nitrogen supply is limited. Already a "nitrogen famine" has been predicted. The prediction is soundly based upon a comparison of the present visible supply with the yearly increasing demand. You have many billions of dollars' worth of nitrogen in Western Canada. Keep it there.

If it were shown to you that you could not only retain the priceless stores of nitrogen but greatly enlarge them and at the same time increase your annual production of wheat without breaking another acre or reducing your present profits, would you do it? It can be done. Easy. See here: wheat takes nitrogen from the soil; clovers, alfalfa, vetches and field peas put it back at a ratio of about three to one. Introduce a nitrogen producing crop into the rotation every fourth year and you've solved the riddle. Now! listen to the howl. "But that means the loss of a wheat crop." It does *not* mean the *loss* of a wheat crop! The cry that proper rotation means a halt in wheat production has no excuse for its existence. It is the simplicity of the crop rotation method which is the greatest obstacle to its adoption. Because the remedy is palatable few consider it efficacious. You can rotate and yet continue to grow wheat each year if you must. Rotate by instalments if you haven't courage or generosity enough to put your land all under a rotation crop at one time. In any case, the rotation crop will so largely increase the yield from the three succeeding crops of wheat that you will never be

able to tell from your bank book that a year was skipped. The rotation simply means a proper preparation of the seed bed for the succeeding grain crops.

Here, listen to this, quoted verbatim from the latest bulletin on the subject published by the Department of Agriculture at Washington:

> The Farmer's Co-operative Demonstration Work now carried on in twelve States, employs 375 travelling agents, and has many thousands of demonstration farms. It is proving by results on thousands of farms that preparation of the soil so as to make the best seed bed adds 100 per cent. to the average crop on similar lands with an average preparation in the old way; that the planting of the best seed makes a further gain of 50 per cent.; and that shallow, frequent cultivation produces an increase of another 50 per cent., making a total gain of 200 per cent., or a crop three times the average crop produced on those farms where the plan and methods of demonstration work have not been adopted.

Think of it. *A crop three times the average.* And all you have to do is to make a little better seed bed, exercise a little more care in the selection of your seed, and do a little cultivating. But the seed-bed must be properly prepared. It is more than half way to the production of a three-times-better crop. Remember—*the proper preparation of the seed bed.* Fix your soil so that it is in the best possible shape for the germination of the seeds which you wish to grow in it. You want to grow wheat. You must have a wheat seed-bed.

You know now that the most essential element of plant food for the proper and full germination of wheat seed is nitrogen. You know that the continual cropping of wheat robs the seed bed of nitrogen. You know that you must, from time to time, put the nitrogen back. What you don't seem to know is that a leguminous crop—clovers *et al.*—will put into the soil sufficient nitrogen to give the highest possible germination to three successive crops of wheat. If you do know it, more shame to you for not acting up to the light that is within you. How to maintain and increase present fertility should be your most urgent question. The answer is—legumes. Legumes once every four years will give you an increase of 100 per cent. on all the between times grain crops. At least five crops for the cost of three in time and trouble. A four years' rotation and general diversified farming is, of course, the ideal system. But this is not a revolutionary article. You are only asked for the half-loaf; and if you give it, there will never come to you a more certain vindication of the wisdom of casting bread upon the waters. You want more money: take it. Take it from the soil which you are now robbing.

Some advocates of the ruinous methods of continual grain cropping may point to the example set by Egypt. They will say, and say with truth, that Egypt has been sowing and reaping the same crops on the same land since before the Exodus without any visible diminution of yield up to the present day. Such advocates will say that their own methods must be right because they have been established by many thousands of years of usage. But they ignore entirely the physical conditions which have made it possible—and profitable—for the Egyptian farmer to continue the one-crop principle interminably. The River Nile overflows its banks every year, flooding all the cultivated sections and depositing in its silt more than a pound of nitrogen to every bucketful of water which the eager earth sucks in. The waters of the Nile contain more nitrogen, in available form for plant food, than any other waters of the earth; 1.7 per cent. is the chemical analysis. If you want to duplicate the methods of Egyptian agriculture, you must also duplicate the physical features which make such practice possible. Put into the Saskatchewan, and your other rivers, a few million dollars' worth of nitrogen a year; erect a many-million dollar irrigation plant, which will imitate Egypt's yearly baptism of fertility; and then cry "What's good enough for Egypt is good enough for us". One money-mad farmer volunteered the information that he knew of farms in England upon which wheat had been grown continually for fifty years and maintained an average yield of 12½ bushels per acre. He didn't know if commercial fertilizers had been

COWS IN CLOVER. A BUNCH OF SLEEK ALBERTA CATTLE IN AN ALFALFA FINISHING-PASTURE GETTING THE LAST POUNDS OF MEAT ON THEIR RIBS

applied. His statement is given to you without confirmation, but there is no necessity to question its truth. The men who work the 12½ bushel per acre land are only one-third farmers. The average yield from all the wheat-lands of England is 32.2 bushels per acre, an average which has hardly varied for over half a century. The shiftless farmers over there—the one-third variety—like their lazy brethren round about your place, are content with their miserable little yield provided that they can secure it with the expenditure of very little brawn and much less brain. There is some little excuse for the 12-bushel man there. He is, invariably, a poverty-ridden renter with nothing more than a lease-hold interest in the fertility of the soil which he insults by his shoddy methods of cultivation. It is the men who have a self-interest in the conservation of the fertility of their farms, who, by thorough methods get thirty-five and forty-five bushel yields and keep England's wheat average up to 32.2 bushels per acre. You own your farm. It represents your capital. Are you going to live on the substance or bring up the interest to a profit-yielding figure every year?

Let's get back to the legumes. The methods of Egypt are not practicable here. We're in the promised land now. Why legumes? Because nitrogen *must* go back to the soil. It is of no use looking to artificial fertilizers to make up the loss; you have already learned that there will be no commercial nitrogen in a very few years. Nature has provided an illimitable store of nitrogen in the air; and Nature has also provided a ridiculously simple process by which the free atmospheric nitrogen may be fixed in the soil and made available for the sustenance of growing grain crops. Wheat is the most gluttonous consumer of nitrogen; hence wheat must be fed nitrogen in the largest possible rations. It was the Romans, two thousand years ago, who discovered that a leguminous crop—clovers, alfalfa, field peas and such like—would put back into the soil the substance which wheat demanded for its

fullest growth. They did not ask the reason why, they just rotated clovers with wheat. It was left for that eminent soil scientist Hellriegel to discover the underlying cause which produced the magical effect. In 1886 he convinced the scientific world that the little root nodules which are discernible on leguminous plants are caused by families of many millions of a peculiar bacteria. His experiments proved that the action of these bacteria enabled the plants of legumes to draw the nitrogen from the air and fix a very generous surplus in the soil. The scientific gentlemen got busy immediately. By scientific computation, based on the results of experiments in the field extending over several years, they have established this fact—one crop of legumes, such as red clover and alfalfa, vetches and field peas, will collect from the air and fix in the soil sufficient nitrogen to give three bumper yields of wheat the three following years. Not a stingy twelve-bushel-to-the-acre yield but a great big purse-busting bumper crop, three times hand running. And the fertility of the soil continues to multiply.

Will you do it? Will you preserve for your own profit and posterity's gain the wonderful fertility of your virgin soil? Will you drop out from the ranks of the Shoddy Brigade and become a real farmer, producing real crops, and with a real big bank balance?

There can be no practical doubt about the possibility of growing legumes in Western Canada. Professor Thomas Shaw has been all over the territory between Winnipeg and Edmonton. He has scientifically examined the soils and climate of the districts. He has carried out the same exhaustive investigations in the Goose Lake, Prince Albert and Carrot River territories, and has probed into the soils between Regina and Saskatoon. He speaks with absolute knowledge and authority. He says that the soils of the districts he has examined are adapted to the growth of nitrogen-producing legumes. He states positively that even where the precipitation may not suffice for the fullest growth of red clover, alfalfa will flourish. The presence of volunteer pea-vines in many districts testifies to the soil's adaptability to the growth of legumes without any inoculation. And even where inoculation may be necessary it is very simple. A few cents' worth of "culture" will inoculate a bushel of seed; and let it here be understood that a series of practical tests have proved that the msot certain method of inoculation is by a direct application of the "culture" to the seed itself. Twenty-five cents sent to the laboratory of bacteriology at Guelph in Ontario will bring you enough "culture" to inoculate sufficient seed to sow six acres.

The Government of Saskatchewan is pushing this alfalfa proposition. The Minister of Agriculture will hand you six hundred dollars to spend where, when and how you like, if, within three years, you can show the best ten-acre field of alfalfa in your district. You'll have about a dozen chances at this easy money. There are several thousands of dollars held in trust by the Minister of Agriculture for distribution amongst those farmers, who, by the season of 1914, can show a first-class crop of alfalfa standing on a ten-acre plot. The leading capitalists of the country are backing the Government, and contributions are piling up a tempting looking total of prize-money. The Minister will give you all the details if you'll drop him a note to-night after chores are done.

The thing started this way. The Minister of Agriculture was at a convention of agriculturists in Regina about a year ago. There were a few men at the convention, and somebody —the Minister is suspected—led the talk away from the all-wheat craze and suggested alfalfa as a cure for the evil. The wise men knew you would have to be coaxed, so a subscription was started. Within a few months nearly seven thousand dollars were in the kitty, and the Government announced that entries were open.

Saskatchewan has been divided into four sections, and several prizes will be given in each. There's a chance for big money in it. Do you want to show your neighbor that you can raise stuff

better'n he can? Do you want to call a bet of six hundred to nothing that you can't raise alfalfa that'll make Jan Peterson's ten acres look like a marble slab? Remember, this is no coupon collecting or dot-counting scheme. It is a competition; a Government backed competition to stimulate better farming throughout Saskatchewan. The Government experts know that a few thousand dollars invested in the promotion of alfalfa culture will yield a many-hundred per cent. dividend in increased wheat yields and enhanced land values. Write to the Minister of Agriculture about it. He'll tell you!

As to the value of the clover or alfalfa crop itself—it would almost make the greed-blinded one-crop farmer forget his precious wheat. Clover under decent cultivation yields two tons per acre per crop of the richest and highest-priced hay produced. It yields two crops a year. Alfalfa, requiring much less attention—its cultivation is almost negligible—yields four or five, a still heavier crop, and may be cut three times each year. Figure out your profits for yourself. Clover or alfalfa hay, fed to stock, makes values on the hoof go aviating; and at the same time reduces the cost of raising beef. If you don't want to raise beef, and all your neighbors are as one-sided as yourself, you don't need trouble about a market for your hay. Plow it under and sell it as wheat next year. This process will double your yield the following year and give you a soil simply saturated in fertility.

Whichever way you look at it, the odds are in favor of rotation. The one-crop-continuously idea is a swindle. You cannot afford to keep it up. You are losing money by it. Others have paid dearly for knowledge which is yours for nothing if you'll take it. Quit kicking against the prickles; let the scales of greed drop from before your eyes.

And, for the land's sake, start rotating.

NIGHT

BY MARY GARVIN

A WHIRR of whizzing wings,
A flash of white,
A sound of flying things,
A shaft of light,
A shadow on the hills,
A zephyr's sigh,
Murmur of distant rills,
Lo! Night is nigh.

Low in the crimson west,
A greyness creeps;
Soft, in Cybele's breast,
The primrose sleeps;
Myriads of stars appear
In azure dome,
Scintillant, bright and clear—
Lo! Night is come.

The SCARLET STRAND

BY EDWARD B. WATERWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

CHAPTER I.

STEVE BRADY, of the Leader, pacing contentedly up and down the long sheds of the station, beside the Pullman in which his valise was already deposited, drew a sigh of relief at thinking of getting away from Montreal for at least a fortnight, and on a sensational news item. Then he removed the cigarette from his lips with a broad grin as he hailed two approaching figures.

"Another city editor has fallen for the story, George?" he queried.

Thompson of the Tribunal smiled back as he and the photographer, John Emmett, divested themselves of a couple of suit cases, a gun case and a photographic outfit, which the porter seized with ardor and carried into the car, scenting a possible paying trip at this fag end of the season.

"Yes," he said, "they fell for it; and they told me to stick to it, too."

He had reached for the open box of cigarettes Brady had extended, half turning to do so. Then all three broke into a laugh. For another figure was coming down the long shed, under the brilliant glare of the arc lights, a toiling boy bringing along laboriously a couple of heavy valises.

"Even the Investigator sends a man out," cried Brady. "Going to take a member of the psychical research society along with you, Swanson?"

Eric Swanson signalled the boy to turn over his burdens to the porter, who grasped them with fervor upon seeing this addition to the party, and smiled genially.

"Pretty soft, isn't it," he responded, "to get a trip out there just this time of the year? Why, this late in the fall, although you have plenty of frost, it's as fine a place to rest as a man would want. Yes, we're all in the same boat, I reckon. By the way, are you fellows going to stop at the Brandt cottage?"

Brady nodded.

"He's given us the keys; and that's the place where the werewolf has been seen," he replied.

"Now, if we only had a man from the Times along," said Thompson, "the family party would be quite complete."

"Maybe he'll come yet," suggested Emmett.

"All aboard, gentlemen," called the conductor, casting a casual glance at the long folding tickets the four had given him, and waving a hand at the engineer, who could be seen leaning out of the cab window far up through the murk of smoke and past the long vista of Pullmans; "we'll get her off nicely on time."

"Well," said Brady, as he glanced over the sleeper, of which himself and his companions were the sole occupants,

"this must be a losing time of the year in the passenger line. And just think, boys, here we are—four men, reported normally sane—at least, we haven't been sent to the county observation ward, taking a trip to work up a mid-century superstition within call of civilization on every hand. I can't imagine how the old man stood for it, though it tickles me to death. I don't think there's anything in it. But even a good newspaperman can make mistakes."

And the rest of the party, being of the same profession, nodded in grave acquiescence, seeing nothing humorous in the remark.

"When a self-made millionaire drops his pet project as Brandt has done, and takes his whole family away from an estate he wanted to make a rival to those in the East, there must be something in the story," said Thompson slowly. "Of course, I don't believe in this rot handed out to us. Yet he isn't a man to get frightened. I suppose we've all got the same facts. He said that, ever since the papers had been making so much fun of the thing, especially about his coming back early, that he wanted the truth stated. And he said we could use his new house up there, where all this has occurred, and camp out in it until we settled it, if there was anything to settle."

The four had drifted into the smoking room, gazing at the lights of the railroad yards as the train rolled slowly through the suburbs, and, although they met on assignments nearly every day, each one recognized by instinct that when men who occupied their respective positions on the staffs of their papers were sent out on what seemed an absurd errand, that the managing editors must have felt convinced that the repeated tales coming from the West were true. Each, with a similar instinct, was guarded in his conversation, their joint mission being referred to in a most general way.

Brady, heavy set and with smooth-shaven, jocular face and sandy hair, looked just what he was—one of the best police reporters in the city. George Thompson, of the Tribunal, rather tall, spectacled, and having the air of a student rather than that of a really active worker, wiry in frame and possessed of more than the average muscle, could hardly have been recognized as one of the leading political reporters of Montreal. Emmett, also, was known as a good man in his calling. He was medium in build, dark of complexion, and wore an air of lassitude due to his long custom of standing quietly by while the reporter with whom he covered his assignment arranged details. But the others knew that in emergency he could take the initiative as quickly as any man, and that it was because of this quality that he had been selected for the mission.

Eric Swanson was large-boned and powerful, with the clean, babyishly soft face and the mild blue eyes of an infant. But he had proved his worth sufficiently to let his associates know what his superior officers thought of the journey on which they were sending him. The other reporters realized this at once, and a more alert attitude was apparent in each.

Newspaper men, turned loose on what they regard as a virtual holiday, and each with a liberal expense account, thaw quickly after an hour in the buffet car. The button to summon the porter was not overlooked, and, after the white-suited waiter had removed the final dishes, the topic of their errand was brought up.

"I don't know whether you fellows have any plans or not," said Thompson, "but I take it we all start from Ste. Louise the morning we arrive."

"Iroquois is the better starting point," responded Brady, ringing for some more Scotch, "it's just around the bay, and the road which leads past Cross Village and beyond that old monastery that used to be there will take you to the point we want to reach after one or two cut-offs. Brandt told me there weren't much provisions in the house, although the cooking utensils were there, and I imagine the place is fitted up in magnificent style, even though he didn't have time to complete it."

"Suppose, as we're all on the same trip, that you tell me what it's all about," said Emmett. "I was shipped

out of the office in a hurry without knowing the facts."

"Well," said Swanson slowly, gazing out of the window as the train flew along, the houses in the farming region showing only a streak of light here and there, until a town was reached and passed, "it's a funny business. Years ago, over in the old country, my old grandmother told me of such a thing. I'd forgotten it in Canada. But it comes back to me now how she used to describe it. She used to take me on her knee and tell me of were-wolves —of ghouls— of vampires —until I would be afraid to go to my room in the dark. They were kind, the old people. I know they believed it all themselves, and maybe only told us to keep the children at home at dark— for we had no lights in our little town. But now it all crops up in Canada, the most progressive country in the world."

"BRADY IS RIGHT," SAID SWANSON SLOWLY. "IT IS THE BELIEF AMONG THOSE WHO FEAR THE WERE-WOLF THAT THE BULLET MUST NOT ONLY BE SILVER, BUT MUST BE MARKED WITH THE CROSS"

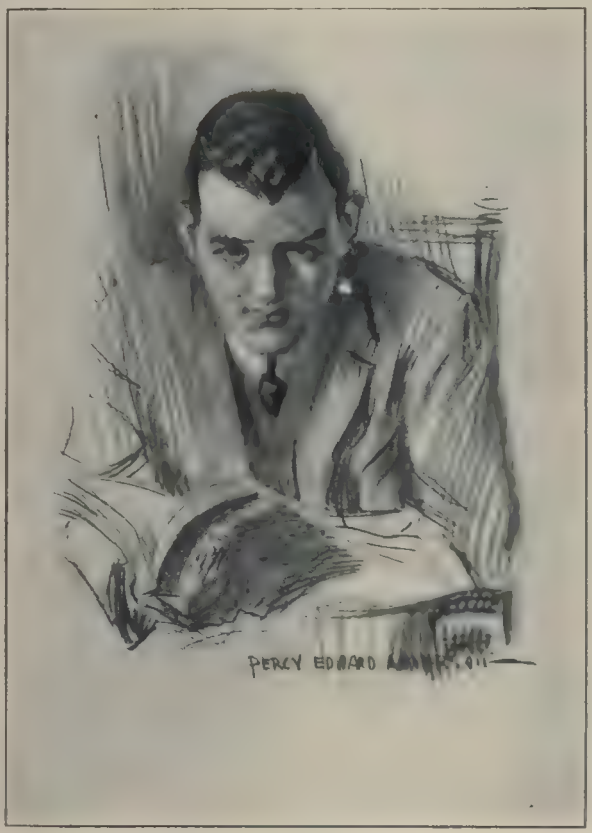
"Before you go any further," said Emmett, "tell me about this were-wolf. I'm supposed to take photos of it, you know."

"Were-wolf or werwolf," answered Swanson, still dreamily, "varulf, we call it; loup-garou, the French say. It's all the same. It's part of the lore of every country. Centuries and centuries ago they thought a man could turn himself into a varulf and then he would prey on human flesh. They always killed a man in those days if he was suspected of being one. They say in the wild northern forests, in the Middle Ages, that many persons went mad just out of sheer solitude, and I suppose their appearance and their brutish instincts led to the belief. They were always killed when found. But the belief lasted. In this day, there's many a town in Brittany where the child won't put his head out of doors at night for fear of the loup garou. They think it proof against injury—something infernal. Something that could turn itself back into the shape of a man and go out at night to destroy the unsuspecting."

"What's all that got to do with our assignment?" asked Emmett, impatiently. "I don't see where the loup garou or whatever its name is, would look any different from any other wolf. If we can get the story I'll bet they can get just as good a photo at any Zoo and spring it in as the genuine thing."

"That's where you're mistaken, Johnny," retorted Brady, with the impressive authority of the man who has taken a trifle too much, "they've

got a different version on the borders of France. It's more on the vampire order—an idea that the werewolf takes the shape of a man to fool little children out late—he is strong on kids as an article of diet. They say in Gascony the idea is that he takes the form of a priest—always lame. But he cannot avoid having the hands and the feet of a wolf. So he is always muffled in a long cloak, his fangs show when he talks and he tries to conceal his feet in men's shoes. The encyclopedia I got all this in at the Public Library," he added, "said that the lame priest described was always seen after nightfall and always 'hirpled in the left leg.' "



"SUPPOSE, AS WE'RE ALL ON THE SAME TRIP, THAT YOU TELL ME WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT," SAID EMMETT

"Maybe I can make it plainer," said Thompson. "Here's Henry Brandt, who has made his pile and has become interested in forestry—he's the keynote of the story. He has established a big summer home, far out of the usual resort region, north of Iroquois, but around the point that juts out into the lake. I believe you can see the Mink Islands from there. There is tract after tract of stump land that has been cut over. There was plenty of unoccupied land when he bought it, and he bought it all. He's got an immense estate in the rough, and last spring he started improvements on it for the first time. I understand his house is barely completed. He had the soil analyzed and found he could make experiments in forestry on these big vacant tracts, just as he picked it up touring Germany.

"Now, any region of this size is apt to be wild. This railroad doesn't take us within thirty miles of it. We must reach there by boat or wagon. The little towns, like Indian Village, Cross Village and so on, within fifteen miles or so of there, have lots of Indian residents. Many of them are French-Canadians, although plenty are half-breeds. But they are all badly scared now. They've the idea too, that there's a werewolf up there. They have been stampeding in from their little houses in the clearings into the villages, at the stories the country correspondents sent in first. I remember wiring back to our man at Ste. Louise asking if he had gone crazy. But there was no changing them. Finally, some papers commenced to handle the story, and we've all had to get busy."

"But what has all this to do with anything in my line?" asked Emmett, impatiently.

"You're to photograph the wolf," said Brady.

Thompson interposed again.

"The thing's this," he said thoughtfully, "no one believes in these absurd fears of the Indians. But there's something wrong up there. When the sheriff's report was sent from Iroquois tonight, that an Indian man and a girl had been found dead in the thickest part of the woods, miles apart, the editors got busy. We'll find that region pretty barren of Indians, I reckon. And when a hard-headed man like Henry Brandt closed up his summer home a few days ago and came down here, you can see there's something to look into. He says his wife and elder daughter went into hysterics over something they saw one night. He says they were even afraid to drive back the thirty miles or so along the road in their auto. They insisted on going by lake. They said they never wanted to see the woods again. So he brought them down in his motor boat. And when the papers commenced commenting on the matter in a jocular way, he said to go up and look for ourselves. There's something behind it all, Emmett."

"THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE MISTAKEN, JOHNNY," ANSWERED BRADY WITH IMPRESSIVE AUTHORITY

"Probably some beast escaped from the menagerie or a big dog who has felt the 'call of the wild,'" said Emmett scornfully.

"There's one reason why the doctors who examined the bodies dispute that," remarked Swanson quietly.

"Why?" asked Emmett.

"Because they say no human hands —nor hands like those of Edgar Allen Poe's gorilla in his story—could have inflicted wounds like those," responded the big Swede, reaching for another match.

Emmett puckered his brows very thoughtfully. Then he shook his head. "Well," he said resignedly, "we'll just have to wait and see. Anyhow, a bit of fresh air will do us all good. I tell you, I was tickled to think of getting away from the city grind for a while."

Brady, in the meantime, had commenced to nod his head and show signs of falling asleep in his seat.

"Wake up, Steve; it's time to turn in," said Swanson, shaking him by the arm. Brady straightened himself up, but Emmett made no attempt to move. He simply gazed thoughtfully at Swanson.

"If it's anything wild running around up there, I'm glad I brought my gun," he said.

"It's a fat lot of good your gun's going to do you," broke in Brady sleepily. "Don't you know this kind of wolf has to be shot with a silver bullet, blessed by the priest and sprinkled in holy water?"

"What ammunition firm puts out that line of goods?" asked Emmett

satirically. "I'm afraid they won't stand for me shooting silver bullets when I turn in my expense account at the office."

Thompson smiled slightly, but Swanson remained grave.

"Brady is right," he said slowly. "It is the belief among those who fear the loup-garou that the bullet must not only be as Steve describes, but must also be marked with the cross."

Emmett glanced at Swanson with puckered brows. He saw that the superstitions of centuries of ancestors had been reawakened. And he decided to let the matter go for the evening. Already it was late, and the waiter was yawning sleepily in the corner.

"Well," he said abruptly, "let's turn in, then; Steve is drowzing off again."

Thompson and Emmett, after a brief pondering as they lay in their darkened berths over the strange nature of the errand to which they were assigned, were lulled gradually to rest by the rocking of the car. Only Swanson did not sleep. He had pulled up the curtain of his berth, and, as he lay on his side, gazed out of the window on the grey moonlight. And, as he pondered, with his old Scandinavian recollections stirring within him, he felt a thrill of something—some feeling which may have been akin to that of his ancestors in the days when such eerie legends as they had been discussing originated.

"THE THING'S THIS," INTERPOSED THOMPSON, "NOBODY BELIEVES IN THOSE ABSURD FEARS OF THE INDIANS, BUT SOMETHING'S WRONG UP THERE"

"We don't know everything," he said at last. Then he, too, turned over and went to sleep.

CHAPTER II.

It was early in the cool morning that Thompson found an addition to their party. Waiting at Ste. Louise for the local train around the Bay, having decided to eat breakfast at one of the local hotels which kept open even after the "resorters" season had closed, he had busied himself in attending to the affairs of the quartet.

He had collected the grips, and after receiving the effusive thanks of the porter for gratuities bestowed, the four had wended their way to a hostelry maintained at that time of the year chiefly for the benefit of the occasional traveling salesman. Thompson then turned to see that the baggage was checked on the local train around the Bay. He started to walk through the lobby to the clerk's desk, then stopped in astonishment. For, writing busily at one of the desks along the sides of the big apartment, was a girlish figure which seemed familiar. The brown hair curling over the collar of the light

brown outing suit she wore, the poise of the head, the busy fashion in which she was writing with a pencil instead of a pen, a point which had first attracted his notice, impelled him to pause for a moment. Then he stepped abruptly forward.

"Miss Westemonde!" he exclaimed.

Nora Westemonde, of the Times, glanced up quickly from the pad of paper on which she was scribbling and gave a cry of astonishment.

"Mr. Thompson," she exclaimed, "who ever would have thought of running against you here? Isn't that the proper thing to say under such circumstances?"

Thompson, who had grasped her hand and was shaking it heartily, gazed into the brown eyes that met his laughingly and smiled in reply.

"The minute I saw a young female handling a pencil instead of a pen and, moreover, making use of a copy pad," and he pointed to the block of coarse paper on which she was writing, "instead of the hotel stationery, I recognized a kindred professional."

"Copy paper is surely a giveaway," the girl replied, glancing at the notes she had been writing. "I got in late last night."

"You mean you are going home from your vacation?" asked Thompson. "I haven't seen you around the city for some time."

"Not going home—for the present," she responded. "I took a train from Montreal in the morning, early. I'm here on an assignment."

"What's there to assign to?" enquired Thompson.

She looked at him for a moment in silence, then responded:

"Why, the same thing you must be on. The werewolf story, of course."

"Great Heavens," exclaimed Thompson, "did they send a girl out on a stunt like this?"

"I don't see why a girl can't cover it as well as anyone else," was the caustic reply.

"Oh, I don't mean that," said Thompson hurriedly, "it's simply a case of the conditions. Why, all of us came with equipment for the wilds. I understand the nearest town is far away—it's thirty miles north of Iroquois, you know. I hear there are no houses in the place we have to visit except this place of Brandt's on a big estate—and I came up with Brady, Emmett and Swanson—we intend to camp out there for a time. We think that's the best point to run down this story. I was just wondering where you would find a base of operations to work from."

Nora bit her pencil thoughtfully.

"I've found this town a base for one bit of news already," she said, smiling. "The conductor of the local train brought word that another Indian had reached Iroquois this morning with more wild tales of what he had seen. I wasjust writing the story. I have been up since six o'clock," she added simply.

"Well, you certainly get on the job early," said Thompson admiringly. "But is this a 'scoop' I'm hearing of ? Or is it common property?"

"Oh, it will be common property before noon," she answered. "The whole district up here has been excited over this thing. For two or three days deputies have been roving around up there in the wilds, but haven't found anything, and scout at the story. I think they have all been recalled to save the expense to the county. You can read that stuff of mine if you want, and send a little of it in. It tells what the Indian said."

Thompson picked up the sheets and glanced over them casually.

" 'Distinctly saw claws instead of hands — hum — hum — spectre was wrapped in what seemed to be a long black cloak—hum—hum—face not that of a hum an being,—and so on—well," he said, turning to the girl, "I've seen boxing matches where neither man had the face of a human being. And I've seen hands like claws, too. Is there any objection to the other boys knowing of this?"

"Not a bit," she responded cheerfully. "Just go as far as you like. But, tell me, Mr. Thompson, what is your plan of campaign?"

"I don't exactly know as yet," answered Thompson, scowling thoughtfully. "We've decided to go up to Brandt's place. That means we'll

have to buy provisions at Iroquois and go north from there some way. We intend to make Brandt's home our headquarters. But just how we can cover the ground remains to be seen. I've never been in that part of the country."

"I drove up to Cross Village once," the girl remarked, "and it's wild enough in some districts there for almost anything to happen. But I had hardly expected to find that the residents around here were so densely ignorant of the matter. All seem to treat it as a kind of joke. Even one of the clerks I spoke to last night just smiled. He said that was what came of making the Indians be temperate. That instead of drinking whiskey, they drank coal oil or fusel oil and commenced to see things."

An uproarious shout of welcome arose at this juncture as Brady entered and proceeded to shake hands and welcome Miss Westemonde volubly.

Close behind Brady followed the hotel porter, who approached Thompson and addressed him hurriedly.

"You'll have to be quick, Mr. Thompson, if you want to catch that first train," he said; "she's pulling out in about five minutes."

Thompson turned to the girl.

"Are you quartered here, Miss Westemonde?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Why not take a run around the Bay with us? It will be a pleasant trip even if it is this early in the day. Maybe we can map out something on the way over."

It was only a few minutes later that the four were whirling around the expanse of sandhills at the foot of the Bay, gazing out of the windows at the waves as they drove in from the lake and talking about the methods they would have to follow.

"There is only one thing I can see," said Swanson at last. "The four of us, Thompson, Brady, Emmett and myself, will have to divide the region in that country and go scouting about to run this thing down. If Brandt's house is really a kind of storm centre, we might as well camp there. But where do you expect to stop, Nora?"

The girl played with her pocketbook thoughtfully.

"I didn't know it was so far from Iroquois," she said at length. "I had counted on staying there and running up in a motor boat or hiring a rig each day. But the trip is too long. I think I will have to send a boy up to see if I can't get someone in that region to take me in. I intend to cover the country as well as you."

"What," almost shouted Thompson, "going up into that wilderness by yourself! And to stop with people miles from any railroad, whom you don't know anything about! Why, Miss Westemonde, it's impossible! Besides, to rove around in a district like that, where there are so many Indians and——"

Nora Westemonde interrupted him curtly.

"I'm handling this for the Times, Mr. Thompson," she said, "and I have to follow my own methods in getting there. Of course, I'm handicapped because I'm a girl. But I'm going to try for the story just the same."

"We'll help you all we can," put in Swanson; "but, Nora, this is really too bad a trip for you. Why not wait at Iroquois and get the story?"

"Twenty-four hours later than you get it?" queried the girl, with a smile.

Swanson smiled in reply, but made no answer. Brady changed the conversation by pointing out of the window.

"Even if we are near civilization, does it look as if anything unusual happening up here would be out of the way?" he asked.

One glance out of the window showed what he meant. There could be seen a stretch of hillside and bluff, absolutely bare of big timber, but thickly clothed with a matted tangle of young trees and shrubs, so dense that it would hardly have been possible to force a way through them. One road, as they flashed by, showed itself as a bare line between two heavy walls of underbrush. All could see how, in the darkness of night, any apparition might be deemed possible by superstitious Indians if bursting out upon them from

such covering. And then almost immediately the scene changed. The train was rumbling past long lines of cottages, all with heavily boarded windows and doors, the region which was so gay in summer now abandoned and still. Even the big hotel, looming above, seemed lonely and desolate, although a single caretaker was prowling listlessly about its lawn.

"I don't know whether the wilderness has much on this part of the region for dismal appearance," said Swanson thoughtfully. "I've always believed that there's nothing so desolate as an abandoned human habitation."

"Well, in the meantime," said Brady impatiently, "we'll have to find a place to sit down when we get to Iroquois. We can get gloomy later on."

"Iroquois!" yelled the conductor, as the train came to a stop, reaching its terminus.

Here was another town which showed the effects of lack of summer visitors. The streets were quieter even than the early hour justified, and the shops where curios were sold were all shuttered and obviously closed for the year. Brady glanced around him with disapproval.

"Ah," he said, his countenance lighting up, "here's a hotel over here. Let's get a little second edition of that breakfast."

The hotel furnished a rendezvous where it was agreed a conference should be held at noon to decide on methods of procedure. And to this conference all came with serious faces.

"It's going to be a story, after all," said Swanson, "the farmers are getting aroused now. When a lot of them get to seeing things, it isn't a fairy tale. The Indians are commencing to get into this town now. I spoke to a priest, who has one of the Indian congregations, and he refused to discuss the matter, merely saying that such heathenish superstitions were out of place in this age. Still, I found he was a Greek scholar, and got him talking over were-wolves, and he finally warmed up and gave me their title in the old days and a lot of stuff besides. The Greeks wove them into some connection with vampires—the creatures which come back from the dead to suck the blood of the living, thereby perpetuating their own unnatural lives. *Lycanthropus* was the word. That's a new angle to the game—this thing of their biting the jugular vein to draw out the life blood."

"What's that about the jugular? Didn't you get that last report?" demanded Brady in one breath.

"No; I've been mostly around the wharves," answered Swanson.

"Well," said Thompson slowly, "when Brady and I met the last farmer arrival, he told us the details of that last death. And the only injury on the body is a small hole in the jugular vein."

The five sat in silence and looked at each other. Then Thompson rose.

"We might as well get busy," he said briefly. And all nodded understandingly. But, seeing the look which passed over the girl's face, Thompson stopped quickly, letting the others walk to the office.

"I hope you'll drop this idea of going up in that region, Miss Westemonde," he said. "There is no place to stay—we'd gladly take you if we could, but—four men with one girl alone, you know ——" and he waved an expressive hand, "really, I don't think it's safe for you to go prowling around up there by yourself."

Nora Westemonde showed a slight tinge of color on either cheek and looked at him steadily.

"I'm going to cover my assignment, Mr. Thompson," she said. "Will you be back before you start?"

And Thompson, after an affirmative reply, walked out to rejoin his companions with thoughtfully bent head. Now that their work was fully on, the men went into it with zest. Anticipating a trip through the woods, each had provided himself with a pair of tennis shoes and another of stout leather, together with a suit either of khaki or heavy canvas as their taste decreed. So far as clothing went they were well supplied, for all had brought heavy underwear, suitable for the chill breeze which prevailed at that time of the year on the northern shores. But as they left the hotel, Emmett,

who had been silent throughout the morning, suddenly turned.

"I slipped my little .22 calibre automatic into my pocket when I left," he said, "but this is beginning to look as if I might need something more, Thompson. I think I'll get a good shot-gun before I go up in the woods."

Thompson nodded approvingly.

"If we go roaming about armed with rifles, we'll make ourselves a laughing stock," he said, "but it's perfectly proper to have a shot-gun along for game. Besides, a twelve-bore gun loaded with buckshot is going to make any vampire or whatever it is sit up and take notice if it gets the charge square."

"We'll have to get horses, though," said Swanson. "We can't go about on foot."

After investigation and debate it was finally decided that they should travel to the place in a six-seated wagon, used during the summer for driving the "resorters" about. The livery stable keeper willingly agreed to furnish them with two horses as saddlers, to be returned when they came back, and also supplied them with a driver to take them to their destination. The latter, evidently a man with Indian blood in his veins, shifted his quid of tobacco reluctantly when told of his mission, and went unwillingly to harness the horses.

"You can stay all night, you know," called Brady consolingly. "You don't have to make that long drive back again at once."

"Me?" answered the driver, turning abruptly. "I wouldn't stay up there all night—no matter what you pay. I'll stop, comin' back, at the Blagdon farm. He's cousin of mine. It's ten mile back this way from where you put up."

"Evidently," remarked Swanson, as they strolled back to the hotel, "this so-called joke is commencing to be sinister even in civilization. That fellow's plainly afraid."

Both Swanson and Thompson were armed with light automatic pistols of .32 calibre, and, as Thompson already had a rifle, he deemed this sufficient.

"I borrowed the gun from Colonel Moriarty," he said, "and it's a new Winchester. It'll shoot hard enough to break any charm that hangs over our mutual quarry."

Brady, whom they found seated in animated converse with Nora Westemonde on the porch of the hotel, was also satisfied with his weapon.

"I left my own gun at home," he said, "but I brought one I borrowed from Sergeant Jerry Horrigan. It's a .38 calibre police model, and I want to be at the rear end of it when it goes off."

Brady's cause for animation was soon manifest. Having been entrusted with the purchase of the provisions, it developed that he had boarded one of the passenger steamers which touched at the docks, on its trip to be laid up for the winter, and had found that the bar which flourished during the summer, had much of its stock still on board. Accordingly he had fitted out the party with several cases of bottled beer, whiskey and an abundance of claret.

"How are we to get all that stuff up there?" asked Swanson blankly.

"I've made arrangements for that," said Brady in lordly fashion. "A couple of these Indians here have a Mackinaw boat. They will take it up by lake for me. They won't agree to stick around, though. I asked them, thinking we might need a guide. They're scared to death of something."

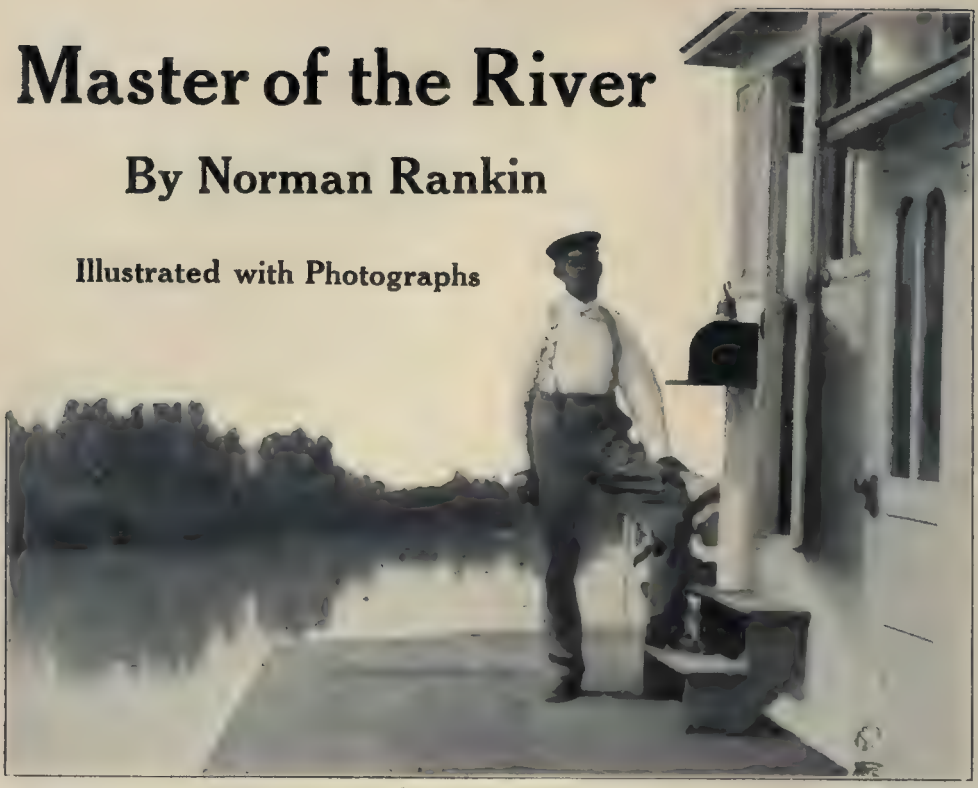
Swanson and Thompson looked at each other thoughtfully.

To be continued

Master of the River

By Norman Rankin

Illustrated with Photographs



SOMEONE was knocking loudly at the door. I sat up and rubbed my eyes.

"Letter for you, sir," said a voice from outside.

"Coming," I replied, jumping out of bed and crossing to the door.

I took the letter and turned it over curiously in my hand. One always does that sort of thing when an unexpected missive is received, and wonders who it is from. Who on earth could have sent this to me? I didn't know anyone in Golden, and no one knew I was coming here. Why, I didn't even know myself until late the night before.

Still perplexed, I broke the seal and slipped out the contents. Two pieces of cardboard fell on the counterpane before me, one, larger, folded in the center like a book and printed, the other, smaller, white and ticket-shaped, with some written words on one side of it and printing on the other. I took up the larger, opened it and read with steadily increasing puzzlement and incredulity:

Str. Klahowya,
Columbia River,
July 8th, 1910.

Dear Rankin:

You are invited to take part in and make a success of the house-warming of the "Isabel" at Athalmer, on Saturday evening, 16th July.

Dancing will commence at 9.30, Mountain Time, and continue till midnight, Honolulu Time.

It is impossible to reach everyone we would like to be present on the occasion, and we would therefore ask you to aid us by including in this invitation friends who may be staying with you, or whom you feel have unintentionally been overlooked.

Yours faithfully,
Upper Columbia Transportation Co.,
Per F. P. Armstrong.

Then I took up the smaller one.

This entitles you, it read, *to grub on the "Klahowya." Hold on to it.*

On the back of the card were these words:

When you have made this trip, you will endorse Earl Grey's telegram to Lady Grey, Ottawa, which read: "The grandest trip I ever made."

"Well," I ejaculated, as I laid it down, "of all the funny experiences that ever happened, this is the strangest."

Quite by accident, I had arrived at Golden the previous night, having come up from Calgary to meet a friend from the Coast. I expected to cross his train about Golden and to return with him on No. 2. Just before reaching there, however, I had received a wire saying that he had been detained, so, tired and disgusted, I had alighted at the station and gone across to the hotel, to bed. I had been in Golden exactly seven hours, and yet here was a cordial invitation in my own name, to make use of a merry steamboat picnic party up the Columbia River to Lake Windermere. Talk about true Western hospitality! The right hand of fellowship! The Prodigal Father act! The Good Samaritan, and all that sort of thing. Why! These people, whoever they were, had them all rolled into one; they held out both hands.

I had read of the beauty and grandeur of the scenery of the Columbia Valley, and now here was an opportunity to see it for myself in a most delightful manner. Here was a chance to inspect that stretch of fertile valley, river and lake, bordered by the snow-capped Selkirks on one side, and the towering Rockies on the other; to follow the softly-flowing, silver river as it wound its way leisurely northwards, between gently sloping reaches of future orchards, verdant of promise and redolent of hope.

I pressed the bell.

"What time does the 'Klahowya' sail?' I asked the boy, as I scrambled into my clothes. "It's to-day, isn't it, that she goes up with the picnic party?"

"Yes, this morning at ten o'clock," he nodded. "Starts from down there by the sawmill. Big party goin', lots of people. Wish I was goin', too. Guess they'll have lots o' fun; they've got a pianer on board, an' is goin' to dance."

"You tell that bus-man to call here for me," I instructed, passing him over a quarter. "I'm going up with her this trip. Don't forget, now."

"All right boss, I'll sure tell 'im," and he went out, banging the door.

. . . . . .

Twenty-five years ago a young man waited for Mr. Robert Kerr, retiring Passenger Traffic Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the ante-room of the latter's office in Winnipeg. Mr. Kerr was then in charge of the company's freight matters, with headquarters at that point. It was in the winter of '86, and the railroad was under construction through the mountains.

"Mr. Kerr," he said, when that official came in, "I've decided to operate a steamboat on the Upper Columbia, and I want to get boilers and engines to Golden City. Can you put them over your road for me?"

"Come in to-morrow morning and I'll tell you," replied the traffic man; "I'll wire Canmore to-night and find out. How'll that do?"

"Right-o," said the other, as he went out, "I'll be around again in the morning."

When the young man called again the next morning, he was informed that the railroad would handle his machinery to Golden City, but that from Canmore to Golden he would have to pay an extra $100 for engine hire, as the road was not in operation beyond that point.

"All right," said the young man, that suits me. You can look for the machinery to be delivered at the sheds this afternoon."

From Canmore to Golden by rail is a distance of one hundred and five miles. It took the railroad, with an engine and crew of forty men, just six days to haul the machinery. The track was bad and the grade steep, while to make matters worse a heavy snow storm descended and almost buried them. They had to dig their way out, which took some time. But the railroad had contracted to haul the machinery, and they hauled it.

The young man was there, too, and worked with the rest. In fact, he was quite excited at the thought of getting it there, and used to lie awake nights thinking of it. He longed for the day when he'd have his steamer running

PIKE POLE AND PEAVEY ON THE UPPER COLUMBIA

on the river. For two years he had been operating a fleet of row boats, freighting down to the construction camps potatoes which he raised in the fertile Windermere Lake district—a hundred miles up. When he first came into the country, as a chainman with a locating party of engineers, the scarcity of food supplies struck him forcibly, and he decided then and there that when the proper time came, he'd "cut loose" and go into business for himself.

And very soon that time came.

There was plenty of land for the taking, so he homesteaded a tract on the Upper Columbia Lake, packed in potato seed a hundred and fifty miles from south of the line, in Montana, and planted "spuds."

These he brought down the river in his row boats, and sold them at Golden City. They brought seven cents a pound—a fair profit.

This sort of transportation, however, was unsatisfactory. The return trips upstream, against the current, were heartbreaking ; the competition by mule train keen.

Spokane was in baby frocks. The Crow's Nest was unexploited. The Great Northern was only a dream. The bulk of supplies came up from Walla Walla and points in Montana and Washington. From the head of navigation on the Kootenay they were packed overland into Golden City. Three hundred mules sweated on the job.

Golden City—the "City" was cut out by the postal department when it opened an office at that point—was an ambitious, pioneering community. Thirty-five hundred settlers stretched their camps from mountain base to mountain base, across the beautiful plateau. There was irrigation galore from the Kicking Horse and Columbia Rivers, which joined forces just below the settlement.

The people laughed at the young man when he suggested steamboats, and advised him to "come and have another drink." "The river's altogether too narrow," they said, "it's too shallow, too crooked, and runs dry in the fall. Your old barge would be aground most of the time. Don't be a fool. Forget it."

But the young man didn't; he wouldn't. They couldn't "faze" him. He wasn't that brand.

William Mackenzie, now "Sir William," of Canadian Northern fame, then a struggling young chap, operated a sawmill near the city. He had it on lease from the railroad, and contracted with them for bridge timbers. This mill was fitted with an Allis-Chalmer circular saw, with a capacity of thirty thousand feet per day. But William —with that ingenuity which probably carried him where he is now—turned out fifty thousand feet—lumber and slabs. He ran the mill eleven hours a day, and paid his hands $26 a month.

The young man, whose name, by the way, was Armstrong, grandson of old Captain Logie Armstrong, original pilot in the early days of steamship navigation between Montreal and Quebec, was a typical pioneer; he knew the game and how to play it. He took rough lumber and slabs from the mill, bought nails, oakum and paint, and sawed, hammered, chopped, caulked and painted until he fashioned a boat. Then he christened it "The Duchess," which was an ambitious name for a tub like that.

The Duchess was flat-bottomed and slab-sided, with immense superstructure and projecting decks, and had very much the appearance of an exaggerated parlor match box. It was propelled by a clumsy wheel at the stern, like an overgrown lawn mower, and would carry unlimited freight; it made five or six miles against the stream, and double that with it.

The keel of the boat was laid on March 26th, and on May 8th, with boilers and machinery securely fitted into place, flags flying and whistle blowing, it steamed away from the landing at Golden City on its initial trip to Windermere. The captain sat on the upper deck, outside the wheelhouse. There was a smile on his face and joy in his heart.

True, there were unpaid bills behind in his shipping office, and all sorts of prophecies current as to what was going to happen to the boat when it got up the river, but, as the bills weren't pressing, and the prophecies were circulated by the rival pack-mulers, they didn't count.

Cleopatra travelling the Nile in her gold and silver barge was not half so proud of it as the captain was of "the original Duchess" when she first hit the water trail, inland from the railroad. During the construction of the boat, the Kootenay Indians hearing of it, and being curious, sent a delegation down to inspect her. The report that they took back was that it was

THE FIRST THING YOU SEE AT GOLDEN IS A BIG SIGN-BOARD. AFTER YOU'VE BEEN UP THE VALLEY AND SEEN IT ALL, YOU WANT TO STEP UP AND SHAKE HANDS WITH IT

absolutely a case of "white man's folly"—and altogether too big and clumsy to be handled by oars.

One bright afternoon, however, she appeared at Sam's Landing at the head of Lake Windermere. The half-breeds and Indians were astonished, stunned. Then their enthusiasm broke bounds, and in a body of five hundred, they swooped down to welcome her, and pulled her over the salmon flats, on which she had become temporarily stranded.

That day everybody was sweet tempered. Naturally. Sugar, of which they had formerly received only two and a half pounds per dollar, went six pounds. Other necessary and luxurious supplies were reduced in like ratio. There was a grand pow-pow; "What a great Chief is Strong Arm," they sang, "he comes here to make us all rich and happy."

Other and rival steamers spasmodically broke into and withdrew from the service, but through it all—with the exception of two years, when, in '98, the captain got the fever and stampeded to the Yukon, he steadily operated steamers on the Columbia. Like the feline, however, he came back.

In '91, the first mining boom—placer—struck the district. Transportation on the river was congested. Prospectors, adventurers and miners flocked into the valley from all sides. The Honorable T. D. H. Cochrane, now deputy lieutenant governor of the Isle of Wight, who had a placer mine on Findlay Creek, financed a steamer company, calling it "The Upper Columbia Navigation & Tramway Company."

Things drifted on until '96, when the "lode" mining boom struck British Columbia. The following year, '97, Robert R. Bruce, who had bought the Paradise Mine, started the town of Wilmer. It was located on the high land a couple of miles from the northern end of Lake Windermere. Here he established general stores. It was too inconvenient to bring supplies all the way from Windermere. There was no bridge across the river, and horses and supplies had to be transported as best they could. Sometimes—particularly at flood times—there wasn't any best about it; they simply couldn't.

The Upper Columbia Navigation and Tramway Company were then issuing local stamps for the transportation of mail matter. They were the only corporation or private concern, I believe, to have ever held such a concession.

Bruce's mine, spelled and registered phonetically "the Parradice," was located twenty miles west of the river, in the Selkirk Mountains. There were other mines. The problem was, and yet is—though now delivery is at hand—transportation. "That is the only thing which stands between us and opulence," chorused the mine owners of that district.

During the winter months, when the river was frozen over, the captain used to put in his time hauling ore to the river side, to make freight for his steamer. He hauled it down on hides, a distance of eight miles, and teamed it the balance of the way to the Landing. When the spring came, there were fifteen or twenty thousand bags of ore stacked up awaiting transportation. But it was a laborious, slow and unsatisfactory process.

In '05, the district was thrown into a paroxysm of joy over the announcement that the Kootenay Central was about to lay a line up the valley. The announcement was immediately followed by the beginning of construction at Golden. Everybody smiled. "We are on top of the wave of progress," they said to each other. "Prosperity is being thrust upon us. Things are coming our way."

But the Kootenay Central only graded south some fifteen miles, and then quit. The bottom dropped out of the boom, and the wave rolled on westwards, leaving poor Golden stranded high and dry. The city, reduced to seven or eight hundred inhabitants, promptly went to sleep. "What's the use?" they said, "what's the good? There's a hoodoo somewhere."

As for the valley, it had never been properly wakened up. Now and then, when the cry of "The Kootenay Central" broke loose, it stirred itself a bit, sat up and rubbed its eyes. "That's the cry of 'wolf' again," it wailed, and

LOOKING DOWN ON THE BOW OF THE "KLAHOWYA" FROM THE PILOT HOUSE

drowsily turned over on the other side to renew its sleep. And it's been sleeping ever since.

Now, however, a change has come about. Now it is really awakened. You can see it in the twitching of its muscles and the stirring of its limbs; in the faces of its people, and the traffic at its station.

Such an ebb and flow of travel took place on the river all last summer that the capacity of the little "Klahowya" was taxed to its utmost. Tourists, investors and hunters have followed one another in a steady stream. Half-hearted and skeptical, they went in; rampant and enthusiastic, they came out.

"Every man that goes into the valley," said the captain to me, "is a walking advertisement for the district; an animated propagandist; a convert, an enthusiastic publicity agent."

This was last summer, the summer of 1910. Instead of two trips a week, as at the beginning of the season, the steamer was latterly forced, to three. General traffic was so heavy that she ran day and night. With two big, powerful engine head-lights on either side of the wheel-house, she poked slowly along through the darkest and most difficult shadows.

"Next season," said the captain, "we'll have an extra boat and run a daily service. I'm going to put the 'North Star' into commission again. She was too big and expensive to run in the earlier days, and was a mistake then, but will just about fill the bill now."

. . . . . .

When you drop off the train at Golden to-day, the first thing you see is a big white sign-board staring you blankly in the face:

GOLDEN, B. C.

Gateway to the Fertile Columbia Valley.
One hundred miles of the finest mountain scenery in B. C.
Hunting and Fishing, Timber and Minerals.
Farm and Fruit Lands.

And you have to believe it, for it shouts at you in two or three places again when you get a little further down the road. After you've been up the valley, and seen it all, of course, it's different. Then you *know* it's telling the truth. You want to step up and shake hands with it. I did.

I went up the valley to see for myself, but can't describe the trip and do it justice. It is the future scenic route of Southern British Columbia. All day long, you sail up the silent stream,

between towering, snow-capped mountains and smiling stretches of green and gold. Here and there, tropic-like, the foliage skirts the very water's edge. The branches brush the deck house of the steamer. The stream winds gracefully right and left, then doubles on itself. Pretty homesteads and farms dot the banks. Logs floating down the river skid slantways from the steamer's bows, or bumpingly pass underneath. Up on the edge of the Rockies, to the left, the old trail—now a modern automobile road—steals along. It looks like a thin, white vine on a brown stone wall. You breathe big breaths and thank God that you're alive.

About midday, you reach Spillamacheen, fifty miles from Golden; "Spillamacheen" is an Indian name, meaning "Rainy River." If you're travelling by motor, you lunch there. You'll find an old-fashioned, charming little "Half Way House." If it could only speak. what tales it might tell!

Nine miles further up you pass Briscoe, and eleven miles above, Steamboat Landing.

Whenever there is a box, bag or barrel that some rancher or farmer wishes to ship out or receive, the boat, irrespective of docking facilities, pushes its broad, over-hanging decks to the banks, and delivers or takes on freight, as the case may be. There are no landing charges. No district messenger boy ever supplied the public with a more efficient service than that given to the residents of the Columbia River Valley by Captain Armstrong's steamer.

You're getting close to the mountains by this time, and the river banks rise considerably. Ten thousand swallows have their nests in its clay banks. As dusk settles, you approach Wilmer, and from Wilmer it's only a step to Athalmer.

Athalmer's the mouth of the Windermere Lake. Here the steamboat company offers hospitality on the hotel house boat, "Isabel." It is brightly painted, clean as a new pin, fragrant with hanging flowers—the acme of comfort. Japanese waiters, with soft-soled sandals, minister delicious foods to your material needs. You sink to rest, breathing satisfaction.

When you wake up, Windermere Lake, clear, blue and charming, shimmers before you. It looks like a tiny drop of quicksilver in the hollow of a big green cabbage. Twenty-five hundred feet above the sea level, undulating, wooded hills roll back to the mountains' base.

Fourteen miles long by a mile and a half in width, its waters are warm and sparkling. You can look into it and see fish playing tag at the bottom. It has a sandy beach, with a gentle slope. You long for a swim.

But there is more than a mere combination of perfect beauty and bountiful nature. The hand of man is adding materially to both. Irrigation has been brought to certain lands in the Windermere district, and vegetables and fruits are blossoming like hot-house roses.

Up in the valley, the Columbia Valley Irrigated Fruit Lands, Ltd., are preparing to offer their irrigated lands to the public. Their project embraces about 45,000 acres, or nearly 100 square miles in all, and, to distribute water over this vast area, the engineers are perfecting a system of main canals and ditches many miles in length. Of the total amount, some 15,000 acres are now ready for operation, and will doubtless be taken up within a short time after they are placed on the market.

The Kootenay Central, under the direction of the Canadian Pacific, has started to build again, this time northward from the Crow's Nest Pass, and south from Golden. Thirty miles of road south from Golden are under way, ten miles having been built some years ago, twenty-five miles being completed between Jukeson and Fort Steele and the new section being an extension through the loveliest part of the valley. Thirty miles of road north from Galloway, a station on the main line of the Crow's Nest Pass division of the Canadian Pacific Railway, were contracted for last year. The opening of a direct line from Golden to the Crow's Nest branch will, beyond question bring in a large influx of

settlers and develop the agricultural and fruit-growing possibilities of the district.

When I came out of the Columbia Valley and again saw Golden's optimistic big white sign looming up on the sky-line, I didn't grin; I went up and shook hands with it, for I knew it was telling the truth. I had seen for myself, and it was even as my friend Captain Armstrong had said—I had gone in a doubter and come out an enthusiast.

The Hopeless Case of Artabanus Biffle

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," The Great American Pie Co.," Etc.

Illustrated by Peter Newell

THINK around among your acquaintances, and locate the gangly-leggedest, raw-bonedest, sprangle--earedest, sixteen-and-too-big-for-his-age young broiler trying to be a rooster you know—the kind of lad that his mother watches all through company-dinner with a scared, strained sort of look and a piece of conversation all ready to blanket whatever she's afraid he'll bust right out with. Got him? Sure! Pop-eyed, and sorto' yalle.-haired, with freckles as big as the liver spots on a liver-and-white fox-terrier, sleeves crawlin' up from his wrists and trousers from his ankles, and buttons just as likely as not to be showin' under the edge of his vest. Thinks teacher knows more than the folks, and he knows more than teacher. Just so. By'n'by he meets some girl that takes him in hand and turns him out to grass feelin' like the little end of nothing drawn out fine, and he shrinks down to his natural size and tries to get a job in the grocery store.

Well, that was Artabanus Biffle. Only he never met the girl.

Ever since childhood, Artabanus had been so pigeon-toed that he couldn't put down one foot without stepping on it with the other. The boys used to look behind his ears for callouses when he was in school, he handled his feet so outlandish. His usual pose when not in action was with the left foot on the ground and the right foot resting across the instep of the left foot. If he wanted to use his left foot he had to lift his right foot off it first, and hold the right foot in the air so it wouldn't go back, and hop. But that never made any difference in the amount Artabanus thought he knew. Taking it by what he said, you'd thought they might as well use the dictionary for kindling when he was in school; and as for his feet, they might have been unusual distinctions conferred upon him to set him apart as smarter'n the neighbors.

After Doc. Weaver came to town, with a first-class diploma from the Fishhookton Medical and Veterinary Seminary of Knowledge, he'n Artabanus got quite chummy. There weren't many sick horses or beef crit-

ters for him to doctor, and so he had lots of spare time. As for Artabanus, it almost seemed as if he had at last found somebody he could look up to but then, maybe it was only the diploma. That's what Aunt Rhinocolura Betts said. She said it really made her feel kindo' meechin' herself until she noticed that his name wasn't put in with the same kind of printing as the rest of it, and after that she didn't think the Seminary of Knowledge could have amounted to much not to afford to have their reading match any better'n that.

Anyway, first thing we knew, Doc. Weaver was talking about performin' some kind of operation on Artabanus' feet so he could walk like other folk. All he would have to do would be to cut 'em both off, and sew 'em on straight again. Nobody'd ever performed that kind of operation before, so far as he knew, and he thought it would be mighty interestin'. But Artabanus said he guessed he'd wait. He said he hated to have his name in the papers, and if the operation were successful, it'd be pretty sure to be written up, and if it weren't, why, he'd be in the obituary column, anyway. So he kept putting it off, in his careless way, until one day he got his right foot cut off in his mower.

Doc. Weaver was as pleased as anything when he got to Artabanus, and went right to work sewing the foot on. But that was where Artabanus' conceitedness came in. Doc. was all for putting the foot on straight, but Artabanus wouldn't let him. He said he wanted that foot to toe out good and plenty this time; that he'd worn it toeing in long enough, and as long as it could be put on any way, he wanted it to point out so he'd be sure about it. Doc. reasoned with him, but Artabanus was set, and so it went on as he said.

When Artabanus left his bed, he had two feet as good as ever, one toeing out and the other toeing in. This put his feet in parallel lines, for both pointed northeast, as you might say. The right foot toed out to the right, and the left foot toed in to the right, and there was only one trouble—Artabanus had to walk in circles, for his feet were always toed around towards the right.

It was a sad sight to see Artabanus coming down town in a hurry. He came in spirals. Sometimes when he was in a great rush, he wouldn't be able to move forward at all—just rush around and around in a circle to the right. If he went slowly and took great care, he didn't do much better—he was always hitting the other side of the street. Time and again, when he was out in his field, he would start for the other end of the field, and, every time, he would wind up just where he started from. Artabanus couldn't help it. He had to go the way his feet were headed. Often, when he was plowing, his team would start straight across the field, and Artabanus would have to drop his reins and circle around back to the plow. It made plowing very slow.

You'd thought that would have been a lesson to any man, but it wasn't to Artabanus. It wasn't more than a year until he lost his left foot just the same way. Seemed as if he never could calculate right where he was going, and he walked plum into the cutter before he could stop. But would he let Doc. sew that foot on the way he wanted to sew it? Not for a minute. He made Doc. slew the left foot around to the left, and when the job was done Artabanus had a stylish pair of feet. Instead of being pigeon-toed they pointed in opposite directions, one northeast and one northwest, as you might say, and Artabanus was as pleased as a child with a new toy. He stood and looked at those two feet with pride in his eyes, and then he cracked his heels together, which was a thing he had never been able to do in his life before. He shook hands with Doc. Weaver warmly, said he would settle his bill as soon as he marketed his crop, and then he started home. But his feet had got the habit of going in the direction in which they were headed, and now they were headed in opposite directions, and by the time Artabanus had taken four steps his legs were spread apart like a pair of compasses. At the

BY THE TIME ARTABANUS HAD TAKEN FOUR STEPS, HIS LEGS WERE SPREAD APART LIKE A PAIR OF COMPASSES. AT THE NEXT STEP SOMETHING RIPPED, AND ARTABANUS CAME DOWN WITH A WHOP

next step something ripped, and Artabanus came down with a whop! He got up immediately and tried it again, but it was no use, one foot went off northwest and the other went off northeast, and when he had taken four steps Artabanus' legs were spread out like a letter A that had been mashed flat. Nothing Artabanus could do seemed to make any difference. No matter which way he wanted to go, one foot went one way and the other foot the other way, until they could go no further, and then Artabanus would sit down hard. But he looked all right when he was standing still. So he tried walking backward, and his legs crossed like a letter X, and at the fourth step Artabanus sat down hard. It looked as if he would spend the rest of his life sitting down hard.

But Doc. Weaver had been watching him thoroughly, and he suddenly spoke up, telling him to try sideways, and Artabanus tried it. It was successful. So now Artabanus' feet look well, and he can make pretty good speed, sideways, but he shouldn't try to run. We all tell him so; but he will try it. The truth is that man was not made to run sideways. When Artabanus tries to run sideways he looks like the dickens. As near as I can explain it he looks like a Shanghai rooster trying to polka.

It's too bad Artabanus never met a girl who wanted to try straightening him out. I don't suppose he ever will, now, for no Betzville girl would ever risk walking up to the altar with him before folks. I guess Artabanus is just a hopeless case.

THE DAUGHTER

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

WHAT is Love, Mother?
Pain, child, pain!
Sorrow and ache and sting,
Distilled again!

Somebody told me—
Ah, child, he lied!
Follow Love—then, child,
Wish you had died!

Somebody told me!
He, too, is wise.
I'll be back soon, Mother—
Ah, his deep eyes!

After Fifty Years With Job

By Jeannette Marks

Illustrated by C. A. MacLellan

SHE was a gay, benevolent old soul; even her shoulders, old as they were, expressed joy and courage. Yet Cordelia bore not only her own burdens, but those, too, of Job. To Cordelia, one of her own burdens, that of an invalid's couch, was nothing; a whole year spent on her back a mere trifle! It was being gobbled up by Job, who loved her, and whom she had loved and served as a wife for half a century that was her problem. The wretched, hidden thought of her mind was, "How to escape Job?"

When Cordelia was married she was twenty; by the time she was twenty-one she had learned her first profound lesson in human relationships; that, however romantic love might struggle to obliterate all individual distinctions, she and Job remained as individual as the third and second finger of the same hand. Still but a tyro in marriage, Cordelia tried a kind of emotional finger exercise; nevertheless, when Job's second finger went down her third finger went up—indeed, reproachfully as she looked at it, stuck out with a stiff and insolent independence.

Her finger always felt that way on a rainy day when Job could not make up his mind before breakfast what necktie he wished to wear; it felt that way, too, on a sunny day when he invariably changed his tie after breakfast—decisions in which Cordelia's judgment, dazzled by the spectrum of her husband's silken strings, which did not grow duller as he grew older, was questioned to the minutest particular. Their son Ralph never thought of the color of his tie, but wore the same natty blue the year around.

In spring there were the garden seeds which Job would bring to her to be individually discussed. Instead of dismissing a whole package of seed as either good or bad, he would select one unpromising poppy seed that had shaken down in happy-go-lucky, faraway California, and worry and fuss over the unprincipled nature of California poppy seed, deducing from it all sorts of condemnatory evidence about the citizens of an unprincipled State until his ruddy cheeks blazed, his glossy white hair shook up and down frantically, and he beat the arm of the chair, as if it were some worthy object like the Bible out of which he intended to crush virtue to offset the knavishness of poppy seeds.

Or it might be the grocer's clerk, for Job did the buying now that Cordelia lay upon her back, who delighted Townsend ladies with his silly giggle and hanks of yellow hair. The grocer's clerk had trouble with his memory, for if it embraced cod on Friday it could not hold beans on Saturday, and when he made up his arrears of back orders—he never really forgot anything, it was simply, as he explained to his patrons, that his mind wasn't "what you'd call a handy mind"—these orders burst forth like water out of a pipe from which some stoppage has been taken. As a lawyer Job abhorred a weak memory.

But it was not quite fair of Job to rail so to Cordelia about "drivelling idiots" and "sons of perdition". The memory of the grocer's clerk hadn't been lost, it had been merely mislaid, and as for his smile, it was never intended for gentlemen.

And then, too, Job had, as is sometimes the case with vigorous, fussy, somewhat idle people, a surprising power of forecasting calamity. Before she knew it, Cordelia's warm heart would be in her mouth over the possible fate of some neighbor who, at that moment placidly eating his Saturday baked beans, had no calamity in store for him except an unusually dull Sunday morning sermon. There might not be a cloud as big as a man's hand to be seen anywhere, yet Job, before you could say "Jack Robinson!" would have a cyclone lifting roofs and chimney pots, and it was, to speak in figures, necessary to take to the cellar.

It was Cordelia, and Cordelia alone —Ralph had given it up at the age of ten—who continued to smile at her husband's necktie vacillations, who grew indignant over vicious garden seeds, who believed the grocer's clerk a little more than silly, who shed a tear over tragical fates never realized, who went tactfully into the cellar with Job while cyclones raged over ground, and who believed Job right and a differing neighbor wrong. You see, there was one disillusion which, however much the third and second finger might disagree in action, Cordelia at sixty-nine had never experienced and might never learn.

Yet even Cordelia, with whom the austere apostle Paul could not have found fault as a wife, who submitted herself until Job forgot there was anything else but submission to be expected, even Cordelia, I say, longed at times—oh, how she longed!—to escape from Job. For Cordelia had grown up, not only with a distinct joy in renewing faith in her fellow men each day, but also with a passion for incidental solitude. It had always been so with her; the happiest hours of her childhood had been spent lying on the bottom of a rocking boat looking up at the sky, or reading hour after hour in a room through which no one passed watching the wood fire flame and glow and fall to ash. What it was Cordelia drew from those hours she could not have told you any more than a child can tell you about its mother's milk.

With the year 1857 Cordelia became Mrs. Job, and lost the acknowledged privilege of solitude. When she had nothing to do Job expected her to entertain him; when she was busy Job watched her work; when she was perplexed Job stood first on one foot, then on the other, to see how she would manage, asked her every other second how she felt about it, counselled her to avoid thinking about it at all, to be certain *not* to worry, and told her he would come in a few minutes from his office, which adjoined the house, to see what he could do.

So even warm-hearted, submissive, frank Cordelia grew canny, furtive in her efforts to get the solitude which she needed as the child needs milk. Ralph understood; there was never any trouble with Ralph from the time he began to shake up dish water in bottles variously colored with shoe-blacking, legal red ink and dentifrice, until he became a flourishing young M. D. But there was Job to be got over; so Cordelia, before Ralph was out of kilts, began to invent means of solitude. While her husband eyed her grudgingly from the front steps, she took journeys into the world, waving Job a jocund farewell. Philanthropy became her platform of solitude. She developed it to a positive mania, till she was known throughout the State as one of the most philanthropic of women. When she needed solitude she fared forth morning, noon and night. "I don't see why," objected Job, "you can't even up your visiting a little. I've not laid eyes on you since breakfast. You can't be expected to nurse the Halligan baby all day long!" It was not the Halligan baby only; very positively it was many other things: the lame back of the Huey family; the mother hubbards of the Bateses; the Ladies' Benevolent; the hungry stomach of the Ransom family; the drunkenness of Tooley; the idleness of the Smiths which meant, that if the

ttle Smiths were to keep up the family steam, they must be coaled. Is it strange, since it provided the one blessed escape, that Cordelia improvised upon the theme philanthropy? That to her fertile mind crowded in names, deeds, needs which Townsend had never known? Is it strange that, although the mother hubbards and the Ladies' Benevolent were real enough, the Halligan baby was not yet born, and a hungry Ransom stomach still went unrecorded in Townsend?

And to philanthropy Cordelia added difficulties with her servants. She had the most obstinate, the most impertinent, the most slovenly, the most ungrateful servants in the whole city, and they came and went like the fowls of the air. "I don't see why," said Job, "when you get along with everyone else, you need have so much trouble with your servants." Cordelia explained again that she could not be contradicted about cuffs and collars in her own house, could she? and fared forth on a journey to bring back two girls who, she was reasonably sure, would be match and sandpaper to each other before the close of a month.

Gradually, in a world away from Job, Cordelia won for herself a little platform of solitude, where she might stand and watch the pilgrimage of life, and, unjogged by Job's elbow, turn eyes in on her own soul. With pilgrims passing her to and fro, with the roar of great traffic and the vision of great distances, Cordelia, in the spirit of the solitary wayfarer, was at least alone. For years philanthropy served this end nobly and reacted without harm on those she really did visit.

Then had come the fall and the back which kept her a prisoner on a couch, and a catechumen to Job. Those first hours of invalidism were the darkest hours of Cordelia's life. Always to lie in the same place! Always to depend upon others for assistance! Always to be where people could find you, and talk to you, and catechize you! She lay thinking, thinking, thinking. She must have her platform, her thoroughfare of solitude! It was the one thing without which Cordelia did not wish to live. Finally, one morning, a way out came to her. She would have a balcony built outside her bedroom just big enough for the couch. The pavement across the way should be her thoroughfare, the balcony her platform.

Forthwith the balcony was begun, Cordelia lying so near the edge of the French window that the workmen passed within a few inches of her as they stepped out upon the scaffolding. All day long Cordelia rejoiced in the song of the plane swinging up and down the sweet-smelling plank, saw the shavings catch the sunshine as they fell, and heard every blessed nail driven in by the staunch arms.

The only fault Cordelia had to find with the balcony was that it takes so short a time to build one, and that even the best of balconies will hold so few nails. The only fault Job had to find with the balcony was that it was too small. "Cordelia," he objected, "as long as you are building a balcony, why don't you build it large?" Cordelia murmured something about the weight of the balcony and the strength of the sides of the house. "But, Cordelia," Job insisted, "there'll be no more than just room for you on the balcony. I can't sit out there with you!" Cordelia seemed wretched, then she brightened. "You can sit inside the door." And the plane continued to sing with plans unchanged, and the nails to stud the finished planks.

Cordelia was ready the instant the balcony was finished to be lifted by the carpenters themselves out upon it. There was no time for paint. From the first blessed solitary hours on the balcony her life became one of smaller contrivances than ever. If she were within the room and saw Job start towards the balcony, she called him to her on some pretense. So clever was she in her schemes, excuses and demands that Job submitted to them all. But after this had happened a score or more of times, Job's legal eyes began to search Cordelia suspiciously. Faith in humanity was not natural to him. Cordelia was the one person in all the world whom he had not sus-

pected of an intention to get ahead of him or outwit him. Now he pondered. Didn't she want him to go out on that balcony, and if she didn't, why didn't she? If she did mean to outwit him, had he ever been outwitted by anybody? Was he likely to allow his own wife to get the better of him?

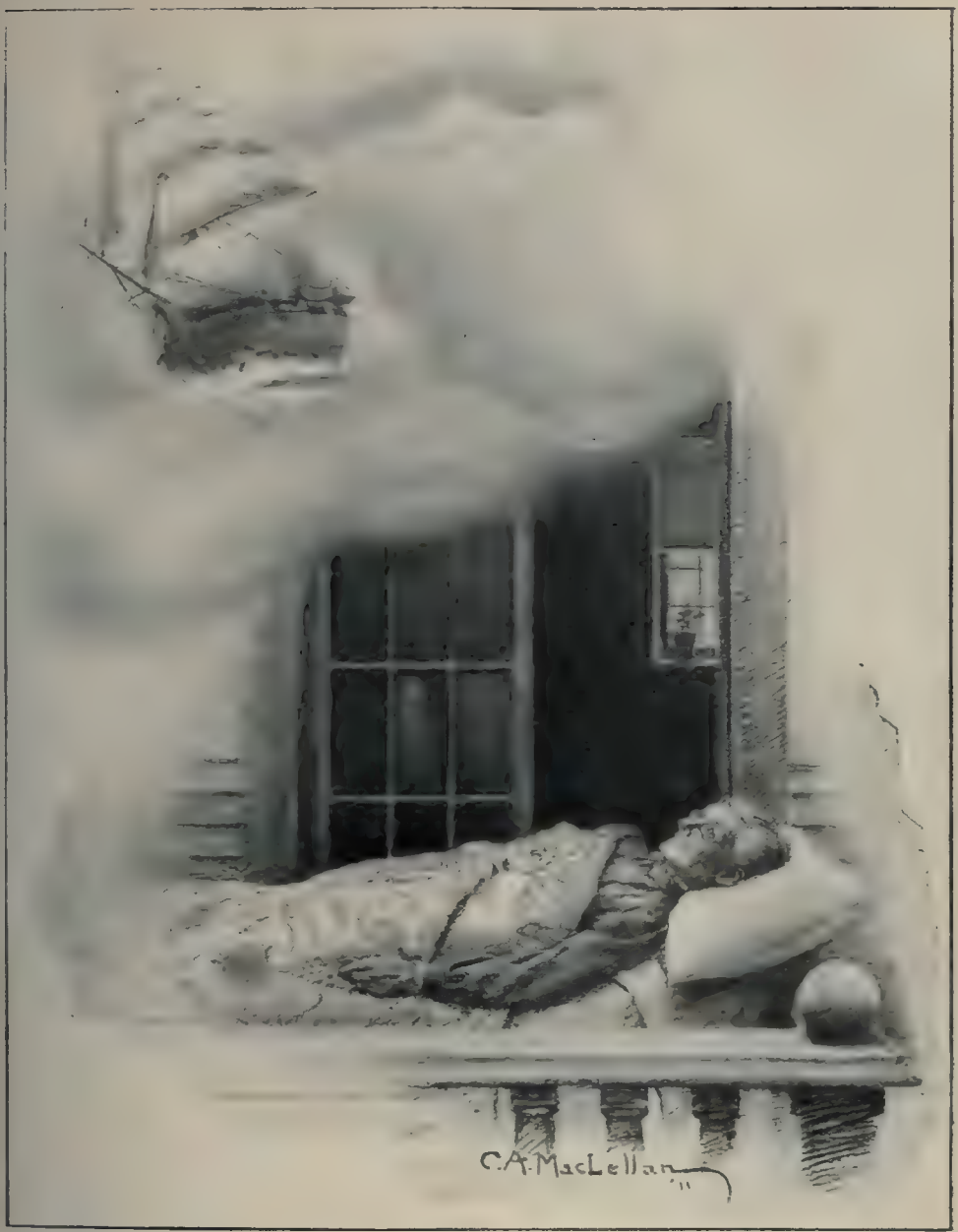
It was scarcely a matter of months since the building of the balcony—it seemed like years to Cordelia—when there occurred that event which made Cordelia tremble for the only solitude she had left. Thus far her passion for some little platform in the world *all* her own had managed to keep the balcony untouched by her husband's feet. But Job, with a legal astuteness upon which he prided himself, had come to a conclusion: *Cordelia didn't intend that he should ever set foot on that balcony.* She wouldn't say so when he questioned her. She didn't look unwilling to please him in any way she could. The big brown eyes, the bigger because the fullness of health was gone, looked at him reproachfully; the hands that seemed so helpless dropped from gestures of amazement to the couch, and Cordelia closed her eyes. Of what could Job be thinking when he asked such questions? Had they been friends all these years only to have such foolish ideas about a plain board balcony? When she was on it, obviously there wasn't room for two; and when she was off it, she supposed that of course Job preferred to be with her instead of sitting like Nannie Beal gaping at neighbors all day long. The balcony was as much his as it was hers. Had she ever made any distinction between them in the uses of her money? As far as she and the balcony were concerned, he was free to do just as he pleased.

Job listened, his misgivings unrelieved, a legal frame of mind uppermost. "For example," he said to himself, "when Cordelia is on the balcony, I know how she looks from the inside; but I have never observed her from the outside. That may be the *status quo* which will explain everything" As Job's mind worked on this point he forgot his own seventy years and his wife's sixty-nine. "Perhaps it has to do with one of the neighbors across the way. But," said he, dismissing a part of the suspicion, "if it were the women they would come over to do their gossiping—they always do. Then," continued Job, "it's one of two things: Either something is hidden on that balcony, or it's a man. The balcony is not large enough by a foot's margin to hold anything except the couch, and when the couch is in the room, whatever was left out there would be plainly visible from the inside." Having dismissed women *and* the object, there remained nothing but "man". That was why she had the balcony built so small! Job looked dismally at Cordelia. Had it come to this? Probably it was that inane, bald-headed, old retired minister that sat by the window all day long reading his journals. Job ran a nervous hand over his own bald forehead and looked aghast at Cordelia. To think that it had come to this!

He would himself walk up and down on the outside to observe without being observed, and he would also employ that smart young Irish lawyer, Thomas Murphy, who lived next to the minister, to observe both the minister and Mrs. Job. As he looked again at Cordelia Job shook his head and groaned. Probably this had been going on for years! This was to be the end of a life devoted to her!

Without another question he got up dolefully, feeling, as he left the room, that he had lost the happiness of a whole lifetime, for this was the first suspicion that had not aroused keen joy in Job's naturally quarrelsome nature. He went down on his own side of the street and came up on the other. He rang the bell to Lawyer Murphy's house and was admitted.

In the meantime Cordelia was lying upon the balcony, but she had not seen her husband, her neighbors or the simpering old man to whom in one irascible mind she was already bound by years of covert interest. Instead it was the sky upon which she gazed, upon many a gallant ship, big and little, that sailed there, and on which she travelled her wonder-way over sea



CORDELIA WAS LYING ON THE BALCONY, BUT SHE HAD NOT SEEN HER HUSBAND . . INSTEAD IT WAS THE SKY UPON WHICH SHE GAZED . . UPON MANY A GALLANT SHIP THAT SAILED . . .

and far away. And in this same heaven, too, rising above the dingy town roofs, she saw Alpine heights her feet would never climb, vistas her bodily eyes would never see, and heard the fall of running water and tinkling sheep-bells ringing in the distance. She was conscious, too, of the beat of feet on the street below, of the multitude travelling to and fro on its way to the corners of the quiet chimneys whose smoke wreaths curled towards the evening clouds above. The beat of the city's life was music in her ears; a greeting at dawn, a song all day, a lullaby at night. She was old, still

she wondered if other people could be as happy as she, if they could hear what she heard, if they felt what she felt, if they knew what a joy it was to live and love that multitude, and yet be alone?

When he came out Job's somewhat unexercised heart gave a leap to see that Cordelia had been moved upon the balcony. So she scarcely waited for the room to lose the sound of his voice before she began to gape at that witless old fool! Job ground his teeth, walked to the end of the street and came back on his own side. Sure enough, there was the man just putting down one of his journals and raising the sash!

By this time the neighbors, chiefly out of the windows, were lost in undisguised interest in Lawyer Job's peregrinations. Heads were drawn in only to report to other heads for which there was no room such remarks as the following: "Mother, he's walking up and down still!" "My *dear!*" in a tone of shocked surprise. "Father, what makes that Mr. Eddy walk the street and look so at his wife's balcony? Yes, she's on it. Do you suppose he's expecting it to come down?" "And her on it?" "No, of course, likely not." "Do you think maybe he's waiting for their doctor son?" "Probably that's it. He's sent after him because of a turn for the worse."

While Job was at the other end of the street, a neighbor slipped across and rang the bell. From the maid Cordelia heard that Mrs. Black had come over to see whether Mrs. Job was much worse. What could have made Mrs. Black think that? She was on her balcony as usual! Cordelia was mystified. Then she turned her head towards the street. There was Job going by and looking up! Quick as a flash Cordelia waved her hand to him.

But Job was not to be deceived by that wave. He was going to step, walk and rest on that balcony if he never did another thing in his life! And he was going to do it now! So in he went and climbed the stairs as nimbly as if he had been twenty instead of seventy. With prescience of something to happen, Cordelia, who had been wheeled into the room, heard him coming.

At the most uneventful moment Job's upper lip expressed determination. At the present moment it was stiff with purpose.

"Cordelia," he said, "you have some reason for not wishing me to go out on that balcony. What have you got there? I demand an explanation *at once.*"

Cordelia's lower lip trembled. "What have I got there, Job? Nothing at all, except—except a little—a very little—hap—happiness."

"Ah!" ejaculated Job. Then it was that minister! Aloud he said, "What are you doing all day on that balcony?"

Whether it was the long continued strain, or what it was, I can't say, but Cordelia was no longer able to answer and her brave old shoulders had shrunk till there was no courage left in them, and her cheeks quivered.

"Cordelia" (Job pronounced each syllable), "Cor-del-i-a, I command you to answer me at once."

Cordelia's big eyes filled with coward tears. "Job, don't," she begged, "it's all I——"

Job cut her short. "I'm going out on that balcony this instant. Your actions are preposterous, monstrous. You are deceiving me, making a gull of your own husband, taking me in for a purpose. I insist upon my right as the head of this family."

Job stepped resolutely towards the balcony, but before his foot reached the sill of the French window, he was checked by a strange sigh. He wheeled about. Cordelia had fainted. Then did Job rush for the maids and for his son. Soon the household was gathered about the couch, and Job was searching Cordelia's face for the first look of consciousness as even a selfish man can look upon the face of the only woman he has ever loved.

Cordelia opened her eyes. "Did you go out there?" she faltered.

It was as if a string had jerked Job's feelings. That was the first thing of which she thought, was it? "Not yet!" he replied curtly, and left the room.

Ralph looked after Job. The father, then, had done something to make the mother faint, but he did not have to ask questions, for in a few minutes Cordelia was telling him her secret from a full heart, a secret she had kept a life long. Ralph patted the hand he held and kept exclaiming, "You don't say! . . . Well, I think you ought to, certainly! . . . . What a hermit mother! . . . No, no, dear, I understand. . . . Yes, yes, of course, I understand. . . . . It's the one place isn't it, mother? . . . . There, there, we'll do something about it!"

"I might die," continued Cordelia, "and, oh, Ralph, I don't want anyone else in all the world to use it."

"Pooh, mother, you're not going to die, not before I'm an old man!"

But Cordelia was not to be comforted. "Ralph," she insisted, "I want a lawyer."

"Goodness, mother! Why, think of father. Professionally it would——"

"I know," interrupted Cordelia. "But this is the one thing in all my life. I must have it to myself, I must, and no one else shall ever use it! Your father is to be working at court to-morrow morning. Bring me a lawyer, that smart young Irishman across the way."

Ralph watched his mother's face anxiously, his fingers on her wrist. It would not do, with that racing pulse, to cross her. For the time being she must be allowed to have her own way.

So the following morning Ralph sent for the bright-faced lawyer. Cordelia's fainting had been followed by fever, and now she seemed more and more set upon this one thing. Twice in the night Job had tiptoed into the room—for what, Cordelia thought she knew—and tiptoed out again when he heard Cordelia's voice.

Young Murphy coughed apologetically when he saw Mrs. Job. He thought it was *Mr.* Eddy who wanted him. No, there were reasons why he couldn't do that. Well, he didn't even like to explain; you see, *Mr.* Eddy had already employed him. Yes, he thought he had a case. A case against what? A case against the balcony! But the will would be valid if she drew it up herself and had it properly witnessed.

He bowed himself out, cursing his luck, for he liked Mrs. Job and would have been glad to serve her. He didn't believe from the first that that sweet old soul had ever flirted with anyone except her own husband, and if she had *never* flirted even with Job, young Murphy, whose views on marriage were less strict than St. Paul's, wouldn't have blamed her.

"Now, mother, what are you going to do?" asked Ralph.

"Draw up that will," answered Cordelia, finally.

"But, mother, just see what father has done!"

"Is it my fault? He wouldn't let me explain. I won't now, and he shall never, *never* set foot on that balcony! Oh, to think he went and got a lawyer to watch me!"

"But, mother, you made me get a lawyer to draw up a will."

Cordelia would not listen to reason, so Ralph sat him down, papers upon his knee, and the strangest will in Townsend was drawn up. By its terms her fortune was to go to Job, the house and all her real estate elsewhere, provided the balcony, on the first dangerous signs of a dangerous illness, should be torn down. The terms of the will were to be communicated to her husband as soon as any need arose. In the event of failure to tear down the balcony all the property was to go to her son.

"Why, mother," he objected, "I might play ducks and drakes with father's chances."

After the making of the will Cordelia's mind was more at ease. She looked less often towards the balcony, and when Job came in she neither flushed nor paled. Yet there was something in Cordelia's expression which took the spice out of Job's masterful intention of going on the balcony. Instead, he followed his son out of the room.

"How is she, Ralph?"

"Pretty sick, father. Still, she seems quieter in her mind than she did last evening."

"What's that mother's talking to herself about?"

"I don't know that I can tell you now. But it's plain, father, isn't it, that mother doesn't want you to go on her balcony? I think her wishes ought to be respected, especially since she is very ill."

That night Cordelia looked at Job with wide appealing eyes. "It's the one place, Job; oh do, oh please do let me have it!"

"What's the one place, mother?" Job knew, nevertheless he asked the question.

Cordelia attempted a whisper; then she looked towards the balcony to see that no one was on it.

All night they listened to entreating repetitions about "the one place," "the balcony," "Oh, Job, do let me have just that!" She appealed to them both again and again, she stretched out her hands, she smiled, she argued patiently with an opponent who never replied, she begged until Job felt himself the meanest, the most contemptible of men.

The hours of the night went by, slow foot, one after another towards dawn.

About four o'clock Cordelia looked at Ralph and said in a conscious voice, "Tell your father now."

So Ralph told his father.

"But why didn't she tell me?" was Job's first bitter cry.

"Would you have understood? And after she knew that you had turned to Murphy, I don't believe mother or any other woman would have told you."

Job looked miserably at Ralph. For once in his life he forgot to bring in a counter accusation, he forgot to say that Cordelia, too, had tried to employ a lawyer. All that he replied was, "I don't know that I should have understood."

"You see, it's mother's nature to feel that way about some kind of solitude—about the balcony. I often feel that way myself."

"You mean that ever since we've been married she's been wanting to get away from me?"

"There, father, you see you don't understand! Mother doesn't want to get away from anyone in particular. It isn't that; it is simply that she needs to be alone."

"But I never felt that way," objected the old man, wiping off the tears that were wetting his dry lips.

"That's not the point, father. Mother and you are two different people."

Job hung his head. "You see, your mother is my best friend, I didn't suppose——" Job broke off. "Oh, God!" he cried out, "if she will only get well I will do anything she wants, whether I understand or not."

"Father, I'm sorry, but I promised mother about the balcony. Now, as soon as the workmen can get here, it must begin to come down."

By seven o'clock, when the eastern sun was shining full on the weather-stained boards of the balcony, the workmen were going about the business of tearing it down as quietly as they could. They knew the old lady was ill, and inside they could see Job sitting by the bed, his head hanging upon his chest.

"I thought," said one workman, "when I drove that nail in, the old lady would live ten years to enjoy it. She did seem to set such a store by nails, more'n a small boy."

"What a notion it is tearing it down!" exclaimed another man. "Why doesn't she leave it up so as her husband can sit on it and think of her? He looks in there as if he'd need something to chirk him up when she's gone. A thing like that can be a sight of comfort to a man when he ain't got nothing else."

Inside Job was not thinking of the balcony. His one wish was that he might make her know, might make Cordelia understand that at last he would gladly give her the one place of solitude. Her hand lay in his: soon he felt his fingers gripped tighter. He lifted his head to meet her open eyes.

"What's that?" Cordelia asked.

"It's the balcony coming down." And then Job told her that he knew now how she felt, that he would do anything, everything for her if she

would only get well. "And, oh, mother," he cried out, "I will never, *never* set foot on that balcony!"

Cordelia's eyes filled with tears. This was her Job, the Job she and she alone knew. Is it not strange what miracles a little possessive can work, what beautifying it can do, making a handsome countenance out of a chinless face, cutting off a very long nose till it is just the right length, and softening the squarest jaw of the most inflexible character? At the moment Job seemed to Cordelia the loveliest of men, for these few broken words of his had wiped out the rancor of fifty years.

"Quick, Ralph," she called, "get me that will!"

"Now, mother, you——"

"Fetch me that will instantly!"

Cordelia grasped the will, tore it through several times, and then said, "Now, stop the carpenters!"

"Old lady getting better?" asked the surprised carpenters, pleased with the good news, and with no thought for the day's work they had lost.

"Well, mother, you do look better." said Ralph, coming in.

Cordelia was patting Job's hand, which she evidently considered more important than replying to her son.

"Mother," said Job, "of course you can have that place to yourself, and I've given my word about not going out *on* that balcony, but, mother, what *makes* you feel that way?"

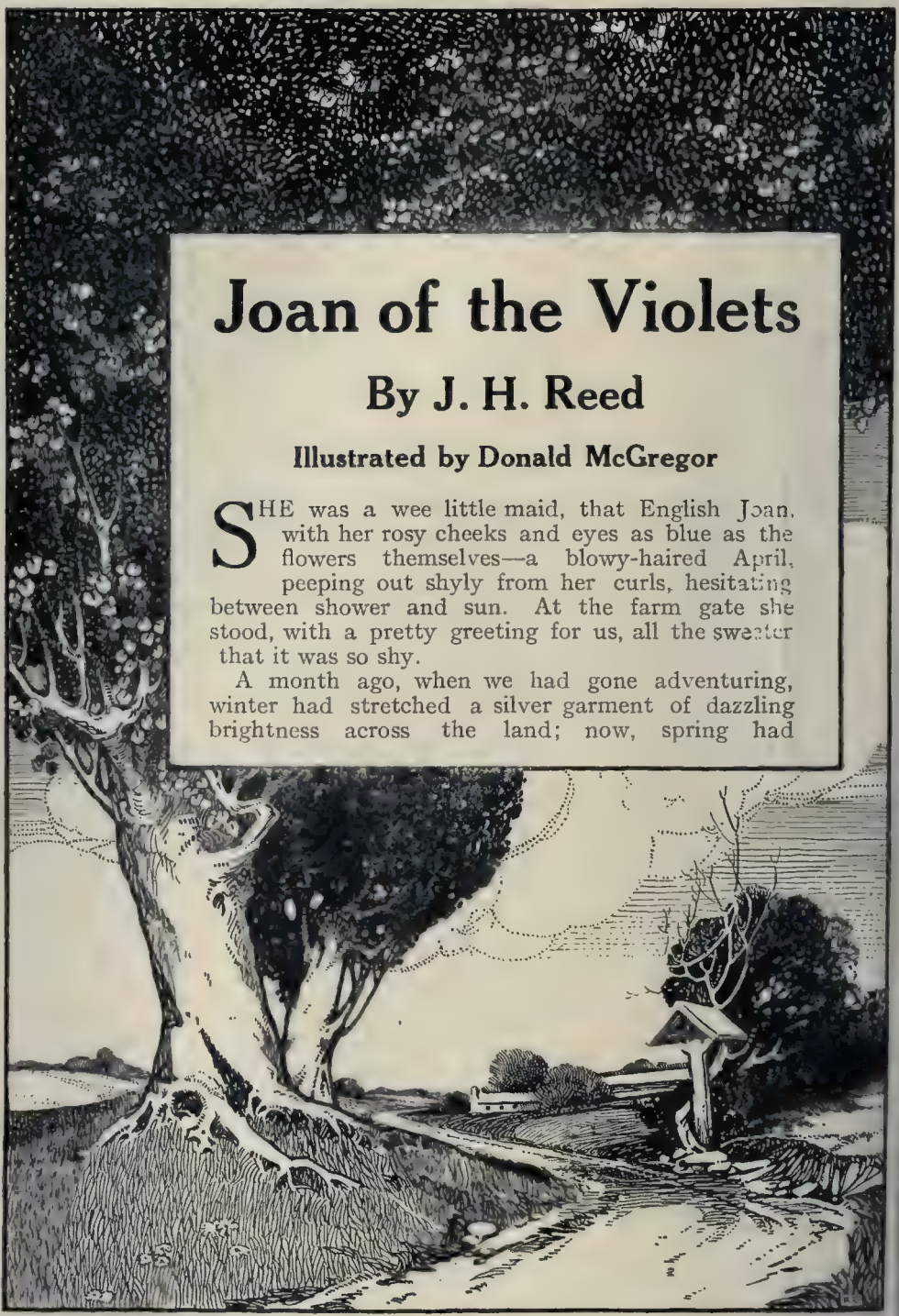
"There, father, not another word of questioning," said the son. "Mother must be left alone now."

But, contrarily enough, Cordelia's soft brown eyes snapped sparks. "I don't want to be left alone," she contradicted. "Your father shall stay here with me till I fall asleep."

ON THE TRAIL

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

CHEER up, pardner,
Slack your tump-line,
Never mind the irksome things.
Do your duty;
Look for beauty
In the tasks the long day brings.
Cling to youth, bo,
Youth and truth.
When the trail is tough and rough
And the grub is down to beans,
When the pack gets full of nails
And the brush saws through your jeans,
Think of apple trees back home,
With their branches all in bloom,
Think of roses running wild
In a never-ending June,
Think of—Sure, I'll chop off, bo,
But pal, old pal,
Cheer up!



Joan of the Violets

By J. H. Reed

Illustrated by Donald McGregor

SHE was a wee little maid, that English Joan, with her rosy cheeks and eyes as blue as the flowers themselves—a blowy-haired April, peeping out shyly from her curls, hesitating between shower and sun. At the farm gate she stood, with a pretty greeting for us, all the sweeter that it was so shy.

A month ago, when we had gone adventuring, winter had stretched a silver garment of dazzling brightness across the land; now, spring had

donned her green mantle, which, under brilliant sunlight, reflected varying shades, telling here of winter oats and wheat, where the dark green blades covered the fields, and there a tender hue proclaimed the uprising of the blades of barley. Although one color predominated, there was no monotony, the varying shades of green giving life to the landscape. Purple light hung over the distant hills, and then, running under steep banks starred with primroses, we reached the farm. Looking down the valley before turning in to rest, the sky was intensely blue, the stars radiantly bright, and naught was heard save spring laughing in the rippling brook and the night call of the owl, assuring the farmer that, as he was on the alert, there was nothing to fear from the little enemies to his crops—so long as he was there all would go well.

Morning brought long golden rays of sun through the farmhouse window to waken us, music of thrush and chaffinch for matins, and downstairs a vista beyond our breakfast table where Joan and her small sister, busily engaged in some housewifely task, put serious heads together, their little wise faces beautifully absorbed in their play.

After breakfast we set about to see the familiar occupations of the farm. On the surface of the great bowls of milk in the dairy was floating cream of a dark yellow tinge. In many of the farms hereabouts, where only small quantities of butter are made, the churn is not used; its place is taken by the butter-tub. This is circular, about eighteen inches in diameter and eight inches high. Two of the staves on opposite sides are continued upwards for four inches, and they are pierced to form the handles. This is the mode of making butter. The cream is placed in the tub, and then whisked round and round by the cool hand of the dairy-maid. By this circular movement it is gradually transformed from smooth cream into clots of greater consistence. This April weather is favorable for the task. In about five minutes or more, a quick turn, a sudden whisk round, and the buttermilk lurking in the mass is suddenly discharged, and, wonderful sight for city eyes, the butter is there. Little now remains to be done—only rinsing in cold water and pressing to drive out what buttermilk may remain; then, after weighing and moulding into shape, the butter is ready for use. The deft fingers, supple, strong wrist, and the finely-moulded arm form a far more interesting butter-making machine than the commonplace, monotonous churn, with the revolving barrel, which anybody can turn. Our tub has seen service for half a century; it shows rich coloring in the wood, but its staves are not enfeebled, nor are any wrinkles seen. It is good for use for many a long year yet.

But house and dairy, be they never so pleasant, have small attraction

THE FINE OLD ELIZABETHAN MANOR-HOUSE IS NOW OCCUPIED BY A FARMER WHO PRESERVES IT WITH LOVING CARE

"OH JOAN, I CANNOT SIT DOWN, FOR THE VIOLETS ARE EVERYWHERE"

against hedgerow and field on such a silver and gold day. Presently Joan and her elfish sister, grown friendly for the nonce, volunteered to show us even that

> ". . . bank whereon the wild thyme grows,
> Where cowslips and the nodding violet blows,"

and out of the farm gate we go, ready to greet Titania herself, should fortune favor us with a glimpse of her majesty.

Although the flowers are not yet in great variety, there are masses of spring bloom everywhere. On a woodland bank by the farm gate hundreds of the lesser periwinkle adorn the slope. On the trailing stems, amid the dark-green egg-shaped leaves, they form a pretty picture, with their little flowers of purplish blue and rim of white around their mouths. A meadow was simply crowded with daisies, the yellow disks and white ray florets all turned to greet the morning sun. Crossing the field later in the day it was curious to see the transformation; the white flags were all furled and the crimson night-caps donned until the morrow's dawn. By the banks of the rill which chatters down Bicknoller Coombe pale primroses hung in thick clusters. Quite in the centre of the bank a tall gorse rose in golden bloom, like some stern schoolmistress, all prickles and starch, keeping the meek-faced flowers below in order, although the sternness was softened by the sweet tinge of color which hung around. A footpath ran by the edge of a field of winter oats, and amid the dark-green blades the veronicas made quite a splash of beautiful blue among the corn. Behind the big barn is the water-course which brings the stream from the corner of the copse at the far side of the meadow to turn the wheel which provides the power so useful in grinding corn or cake and cutting chaff or timber. The overflow forms quite a pretty cascade as it leaps down the rocks with musical roar and is broken into foam. In the narrow strip of grass by its side the butter bur flourishes. Around thick, hollow stalks, above six inches high, are numerous branching stems, bearing flower heads, with dense masses of

small, pinkish-purple flowers; the tubular florets on the outer edge are tinged with white.

It is curious to see these cone-shaped masses all among the grass, with no visible leaves of the plant to which they belong. Perhaps they began life early, for fear the leaves would get a start first and hide their beauty. When they are fully grown, these leaves—dear to children in their play—are the largest seen on the banks of the stream. They are a yard in diameter, and their name, petasites, is from a Greek word meaning a covering to the head, or umbrella.

But the sweetest of all were the masses of white and blue violets; they were abundant everywhere. In one copse they clustered amid the hazels in such profusion that our little maiden plaintively complained aloud: "Oh, Joan, I cannot sit down, for the violets are everywhere!"

Many of the villages around the Quantock Hills lie in sequestered, wooded valleys. Away from the main roads, the life must be quiet and uneventful. Springs are abundant, and brooks flow through many a main street, laughing merrily as they glide by thatched cottages and gardens, many of them gay with homely old-fashioned flowers. On Easter Monday we had a delightful drive to one of these old-world villages. Although but a short furlong from the main road which runs from Holford to Stowey, in summer it must be quite lost behind the trees and hills which shut it in from the eyes of passing strangers. Dodington is one of the smallest of the Quantock townships, and its population varies little as the centuries pass by. The houses are few—hardly more than at the end of the 18th century, when Collinson wrote of its four-score villagers—"Dwellings being so rare, most of them are thickly crowded with inhabitants."

The Dodingtons must have been a restless, fighting race. One, John by name, was fined 40s. for his part in the insurrection of Perkin Warbeck. Edward Dodington was with Admiral Howard's fleet when he was cruising in the Channel on the lookout for the

A QUICK TURN OF THE WRIST, A SUDDEN WHISK AROUND, AND, WONDERFUL SIGHT FOR CITY EYES, THE BUTTER IS THERE

Spanish Armada. When the enemy hove in sight he wrote to the Lords of Queen Elizabeth's Privy Council. This was dispatched to the Right Honorable Lords on

> Her Majties Spetial Sarvice.
> Hast post hast,
> For lyffe hast,
> Haste post Hast.

and, lest the messenger should incline to tarry by the way, a gallows was drawn outside the letter to quicken lagging footsteps.

Cruel Sir Francis, of the Stuart times, was a Royalist. When King Charles was at Bath in 1644, he was dispatched to capture the home of a Mr. Arundel, of Frome. The garrison fought gallantly for a time, but yielded on the promise of quarter being granted This promise was shamefully broken, and Sir Francis hung fourteen men, besides "abusing men, women and children most inhumanly." When the Royalist cause was lost he fled to France, where he sold knives and buckles to keep him from starving until a French widow took compassion on him, and they were wed.

Another John Dodington joined the Prince of Orange for the defence of Protestantism.

The fine old Elizabethan Manor House is now occupied by a farmer, who preserves it with loving care. Passing through the barton, the porch is reached by a double flight of steps. While awaiting our intelligent guide, we note the curious giant's head, with a child in his mouth, over the doorway. The baronial hall, with its open oak roof, is in excellent preservation. The corbels are adorned with angels, and at the farther end is a chimney-piece bearing the date 1581. Below the frieze is the motto: "Support thy patrymonie." On either side are monsters, half human, half lion. In the glass are armorial bearings; in one of the quarters are three bugles, referring to the holder of the manor, who was Forester of Exmoor.

From the earliest dawn the woods and hedgerows are full of bird-music—

> With rival notes
> They strain their throats
> To welcome in the spring.

Many of the smaller songsters have arrived, and the thrush and blackbird are singing all day long love tales to their mates, little dreaming that their sweet songs give the clue to the nest below. On Good Friday the swallows came, and a few days after the cuckoo "told his name to the hills." The smaller birds are building, and there are many advanced broods of blackbirds and thrushes. A family of the latter looked over the edge of their home amid the dark, glossy ivy leaves on the edge of the orchard. So strong were they that they seemed quite impatient to be gone, on travel bent, to explore the greater world outside. They were quite fearless, and when stroked only opened their yellow throats expectant for the luscious worm. The advance guard of the lesser birds were in a niche of the garden wall. Their nest was snug, warm and rainproof, and here were five little fluffy mites, carefully tended by a mother robin, who from a bush near by anxiously peered at the strangers who were interested in her young brood.

On our last afternoon a chaffinch on the wing was pecked by a passing rook, then dropped from the sky and plumped amid the straw. His little heart throbbed quickly beneath his rosy breast. We petted and soothed him, and soon he lay quite still. After a while we let him fly again. It was but for a few yards, fluttering earthwards. In a minute or so he closed his eyes, and the lovely bird was dead.

It was a glorious Easter time; the land was full of gaiety and joy. On the hills, the free sweet air was life-giving. It was good to roam on "Quantock's airy ridge." We were only sorry that all too soon we must bid good-bye to "Joan of the Violets," and return to the crowded city again.

The Woman Who Lost Waterloo

By Arthur James Smith

Illustration by Gordon Stevenson

"YOUR EMPEROR IS A CRUEL MAN," SHE SAID.

OUR PATH had for some time taken us through a deep wood, and now, after steady tramping for miles, Heaven knows how many, into the blackness and gloom of the forest, the guide suddenly came to a halt, so abruptly that we, who had been walking steadily and grimly along in single file behind, almost cannonaded into him.

"What now?" I exclaimed, "how do you explain this? You have led us into this place, and now you stop in the very centre of it. Where are we, and where do you propose to take us?"

My comrades, Desmond, the fat Englishman, and Leblanc, paused expectantly when I had finished, and we all waited for the guide's reply.

"For the second time in my life," that individual answered, "I am lost in this cursed forest. Once before—"

"No, no, we want none of your former experiences related here," I exclaimed, impatiently, while my friends murmured their assent. "But tell me, where are we, and when shall we proceed to our destination? Have we engaged you to lose us here, or show us the castle, as you promised?"

"Alas, sir, I know not, any more than yourself, where we are, and as for the castle, it might be on the other side of the world for all that I know about it."

"Well," I said, "how far had we tramped into the wood before you discovered that you were lost?"

"For some time, sir," answered the man. "We have been wandering aimlessly around, and must be at least ten or twelve miles from our starting place. I cannot tell where we are, but surely, sir, this road leads somewhere. Why not follow it?"

"Why not, indeed?" said Leblanc, but I turned upon him sternly.

"Are you not able to see that you encourage this infamous proposal?" I said, with a look that must have made

Leblanc tremble. "Follow a chance road when we trusted a capable guide to bring us through the forest!" I went on, with fine scorn. I might have added more, but Desmond, the Englishman, spoke, slowly and heavily.

"Well, tell him something else to do, Mosheur," he said, or perhaps grunted. I had always detested his abominable mispronunciation, but this time I felt that his suggestion was so good that I hated the man. I never could succeed in effectually squelching this piggy, self-satisfied Englishman, no matter how fierce my look. Then Desmond and the guide moved on. Leblanc walked with them, and I had, perforce, to follow or be left alone.

It might have been ten minutes later, when we, striding along in silence, began to notice that the path showed signs of recent use, and, upon rounding a sharp bend, came unexpectedly within sight of a small hut, set back in a clearing, and probably at a distance of a quarter of a mile from where we stood. We stared at this apparent phenomenon, and Desmond was the first to speak.

"There must be somebody living here," he remarked, calmly, and as he spoke our attention was held by the sight of a figure moving about in front of the hut. We approached rapidly, and I could soon see what the person was like.

It proved to be a man of about seventy or seventy-five, very erect, his snow-white hair falling on his shoulders, and clothed in a very carefully brushed and kept uniform of an officer of the Legion of Honor in the French army. By his appearance I knew that he had once held a commission in the famous Old Guard of Napoleon Bonaparte. Our party advanced within twenty yards of the clearing before the veteran came forward.

"You have chosen a strange path, gentlemen," he said, addressing Leblanc and myself, and merely glancing at Desmond.

"The path is not of our choosing," I replied, "but one into which we were led, not by our guide, but by circumstances utterly beyond our control. Now that we are here, I fear that it will be necessary to trouble you for shelter for the night, as it would be a very difficult matter to find our proper path at this hour."

"You are welcome to any hospitality my poor dwelling may afford," answered the old soldier, and so saying, he turned and walked into the hut, closely followed by the four of us. The interior was one large room, the floor uncovered, save for a few rugs, a rough bed, and some simple pieces of furniture. But on the walls hung old weapons, muskets, swords and lances, half hidden among a profusion of tattered flags and banners. Our host noticed the curious glances we directed towards these, for he drew himself even more erect than ever as he said :

"Ah, my trophies excite your admiration. They have known some stirring times, years ago, those silent friends. I could tell you ——. But I am a poor host, keeping you in talk like this," and he began, refusing our offers of assistance, to prepare a meal.

After we had partaken of the veteran's fare, we sat around a cheery fire, watching the flames crackle from the logs and brush we had gathered. The veteran sat where the light played but little upon his rugged face and silvery hair, while we reclined upon the rugs that were drawn closer to the blaze. Thus, though we could hear his voice, his personality which we had already been taught to love by his kindly actions and soldierly courtesy, was only conveyed in his tones. Even Desmond, visibly won to the old man, had not lighted his horrible pipe, and waited as eagerly as Leblanc or myself for the narrative the veteran had promised us during the dinner. A strange reverie, probably the influence of our environment, seemed to have fallen over us as the evidences of the mighty past had overpowered us.

"If you had known the Emperor, my guests," began the veteran, "it would be easier for you to understand why a man would give his blood, and all that he loved, for him. But, even if you had known our little, fat, round-

shouldered man, with the wonderful eyes and smile, it might be harder to understand than it is now. Who knows? How we loved him! Every man in all his unconquerable legions was ready to die at his bidding, and while we gave the world those great lessons in warfare, a smile from his grim lips was reward enough for any desperate venture. But I am garrulous. I love him too much, perhaps, and can only implore the pardon sometimes due old age in thus digressing from my story.

"Few of those men live now, who marched over Europe with the Grand Army, and loved him. The conquerors now have nearly all mouldered in the grave, victims of the only power our Emperor need ever acknowledge as a rival—Time. It alone could prevail over his genius. But, with such a man to talk about, how is an old man to get along with his story? I will begin my narrative, friends, with a terrible and shameful confession. I, and I alone, am responsible for the fall of the Emperor! How I suffer, every day, every hour, every minute, only God and myself can know. Oh, the shame of it! The man whom we loved as no mortal was ever loved before, whom we followed from Egypt to Waterloo! When I think of it I wonder how I can ever face his cold, grey eyes in the world to come.

"The Allies had entered Paris, and our little grey man had been banished to Elba, for the world knew him well, when one day the news reached France that he had escaped, and was then on his way back to complete his conquest of the world! How the nations trembled! And how we, his soldiers and lovers, rallied to his side! In ten days, as you know, he was at the head of France and one hundred and fifty thousand of the finest veterans Europe has ever known.

"We lay in front of Frasne on the morning before Waterloo, exhausted from our long fight with the Prussians. But we had routed them, driving their army before us in all directions, and now it only remained to crush the English and their Iron Duke, Wellington. It has been said that the Emperor made a mistake when he did not fight at Ligny on the day before his downfall, but those who say such things, poor little minds, do not understand that even the Grand Army was not made of stone, and twenty hours of terrible hardship and fighting will weaken any mortal man. If these critics could confront the Emperor, and speak to him, with the cold eyes upon them! They would cringe. But it was early on the morning of the last day that I was ordered to repair at once to the quarters of our colonel. He was a most gallant fellow, this colonel of ours, but, as I felt my sabre clanking against my spurs, twisted my mustaches, and knew that my uniform fitted to perfection, I could not but think that certain of the under officers had their charms as well.

" 'My boy,' said the colonel when I entered his room, 'the Emperor has asked for you. He wants to see you at once.'

"For a moment I was too astonished to speak; then I could only say :

" 'The Emperor? Why, colonel, what would he want with me? How does he know that I even exist out of these thousands?"

" 'Our Little Corporal knows much, Lieutenant Marchand,' answered the colonel. 'But I should advise you to lose no time. The Emperor does not usually care to be kept waiting.'

"So I was forced to hurry on without one word of explanation, and a few minutes later was admitted to the Emperor's presence.

"Napoleon was alone, and was glancing through a pile of papers when I entered. It was the first time I had ever been alone with him, and you may guess how I trembled. A heavy frown had settled on his pale face, and as he stood there, bent slightly forward, the dark hair tumbling over his broad forehead, and that singular glare in his harsh eyes, I must confess that I almost knew fear. Evidently something had annoyed him, for he muttered unintelligibly, and his plump hands whitened with his grasp on the papers. When he looked at me, it was as though a bayonet had entered

my brain. But I stood at the salute, stiffly, and after a moment the Emperor's face softened a little. He knew that I was a veteran, and they say he always liked a dashing officer.

" 'Have you heard of Madame Lavalle, lieutenant?' he asked suddenly. His voice was cold and hard.

" 'I have, sire,' I answered.

" 'And what have you heard, monsieur?' With these words his voice became softer, and took on almost a soothing sound.

" 'That she is an unscrupulous adventuress, sire,' I answered.

" 'Nothing else?' inquired the Emperor sharply. An icy fear clutched my entrails, for there had been more in our camp rumors.

" 'It has been whispered, sire,' I faltered, for I knew that it was useless to lie, 'that Madame Lavalle holds certain influences over you, and——'

"My halting tongue framed no more syllables. Like an infuriated beast the Emperor sprang at me. His eyes appalled, no less than the cold rage depicted upon that white face. He was terrible in his rage, a thing inhuman, and his hands moved as though they would strangle me.

" '*You face me and repeat this!*' he cried. 'Have you followed my campaigns only to learn petty scandal about me? Is that the regard you have for your Emperor? What, I could——' There his voice broke into a horrible splutter and hiss, and I shrank away. Then I felt a return of courage.

" 'Sire,' I cried. 'Sire,' my heart throwing the life into the cry, 'let me speak. You have no more faithful follower than Henri Marchand in all your ranks. I have shared in your victories from the Egyptian Campaign. With my troop I have pursued flying squadrons of Austrians, Prussians, Belgians, Italians, and shattered the infantry of every nation in Europe. This affair you forced me to mention is trivial, whether true or not, and should not bring a veteran and his leader to words. Hear me, and pardon the liberty I take.' I stopped, astounded at my own boldness, and saw that the Emperor was looking at me with a curious smile upon his lips. He stood thus for a moment, then advanced and laid a hand upon either of my shoulders. Oh, the ecstacy of that moment!

" 'Lieutenant,' he said, in a soft voice, 'I believe you. But,' removing his hands and walking away a few paces, 'I did not send for you to discuss this matter. To-day I fight my last battle for France. If I lose, all is lost, and if I win it will not be necessary to fight again. Listen intently to me, lieutenant, for you are going to be of immense service to France this day.'

" 'And to you, sire,' I cried, aglow with delight.

" 'Yes, to me,' murmured Napoleon, but his face hardened again. 'Wellington has retreated until he thinks his position secure. But without Blucher the English are defeated.' He was silent for a time, and in this space I stole a look at my leader. His face, I noticed, looked old and haggard. Could it be that Time was overcoming him? At Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, Montmerial, he had looked younger, somehow. My heart grew heavy when I thought that perhaps his tremendous expenditure of energy had weakened and aged him thirty years before his time. Had he not lived under a terrible strain of mind and body, and was it not reasonable to suppose that he might have only half the allotted time of human beings on this earth? But he resumed:

" 'Lieutenant, this is what I want you to do.' He bent on me his whole gaze, as he spoke in a low tone. My mind was overpowered, and I listened as a man might to his Deity.

" 'You may depend upon me, sire,' I cried, when he had finished.

" 'My veterans have not fought with me in vain,' said the Emperor, in so low a voice that I could scarcely hear him. Then he turned quickly upon me.

" 'Go now, and show France and me that confidence was never yet misplaced in my soldiers,' cried he. I strode to the door, saluted our leader, and passed out.

"A great army lies, as an animal utterly exhausted, when worn by

fighting and marches. So it was an easy task for me to slip away unobserved by my comrades. Some might have insisted upon accompanying me, for the soldiers of Napoleon were ever alert for an adventure. But I was out beyond the lines, and Bibette was speeding along the cursed Belgian roads before they had a chance to notice anything. I gave Bibette her head, for it was only a few miles out, my destination, and we sped along. The rain had fallen heavily the night before, and Bibette's hoofs splashed in the puddles and mud. Nearly an hour's riding, part of it through a clump of thick woods, and partly past tilled fields, where Bibette was called upon to shake off a group of horsemen who gave chase for a mile or so, brought me to a house I was riding for. It was an old farm-house, without a sign of habitation, and around it grew a small wilderness of uncut brush and thicket, as though the place had been neglected for years.

"Dismounting, I led Bibette almost to the high porch, and clanked up the path to the door. No attempt had been made to fasten the house, so I simply threw the door open, and strode in with my sabre drawn. It was as I thought, for the place was empty. There were a lot of rooms in the old structure, and from one of them, of a sudden, I caught a slight sound. It was a voice, I thought, and a woman's. I moved towards the room, and words became more distinct.

" 'Then you are lost, and beyond all redemption,' a woman was saying, in a voice that would have been charming but for the sternness in it.

" 'Lost, madame, lost? Why do you speak this way?' said a harsh voice. I started for it was the voice of my Emperor, Napoleon! There was a silence, and in that interval I stood utterly at a loss.

" 'You know why I speak thus, sire,' answered the woman's voice. There was more humility in it now; but that was natural, for who could stand in the presence of our Emperor and not be awed?

" 'Stop, woman. I will not listen to more of your idle prattle. I would deal with men, not doll-faced women,' replied the Emperor in his cold voice. 'One of my officers, Lieutenant Marchand, is hurrying to this house, and may be here——'

" 'Sire, I am here,' I cried, and in a moment was at the door of the room.

"Within the apartment the Emperor stood, with the mud from the road fresh upon his riding boots, facing a woman who was at once as beautiful and defiant as any I have ever seen. Napoleon frowned on the woman, whom I instinctively knew to be Madame Lavalle. On him her beauty had no effect, for there was anger and power in his look, and I saw Madame's face clear when I appeared. But women were not sorry to see Henri Marchand when he served Napoleon, my friends.

"The Emperor scarcely glanced at me, then went on, coldly:

" 'Lieutenant.' I sprang to the salute. 'Madame Lavalle will remain here to-day. You will stay, and insist upon her keeping this room."

"And miss the battle, sire?' I could not help saying. He turned to me again.

" 'Lieutenant Marchand, I seldom speak twice,' said he, with that appalling calm rage. I saluted, and said no more, but I longed to return to the army. However, the Emperor had spoken. Without another word he left the room, and I could hear his impatient step through the house—then a door closed, and I knew that he had gone.

"And now, friends, I am going to make a shameful confession to you. It is one that makes my cheek burn, even after half a century. Madame and I had stayed in that room until late in the afternoon, scarcely exchanging a word, while my very soul ached for the battle. The terrific booming of artillery and a faint roar told of the terrific combat. It came to our ears throughout the afternoon, and with each burst of sound I could see Madame wince, and I, friends, could have wept. But I must tell you what happened.

"Madame, who had been silent for a long time, spoke:

" 'Lieutenant, your Emperor is a cruel man,' said she.

" 'Men of his genius seldom allow the interests of any other to stand in their way, Madame,' I replied, coldly.

" 'But you are not cruel, Lieutenant,' and she smiled at me for the first time.

" 'I obey the Emperor's orders, Madame,' I returned, inwardly flattering myself that I was not to be caught by a charming smile. Too many—but that is another tale.

" 'I left my horse tied out there,' resumed Madame, pointing out behind the house. 'Would you, lieutenant, go and take the poor animal to some shelter?'

" 'Madame,' I answered, 'I shall always be happy to be of service to you. But before going, I shall be obliged to fasten this door, unless you will give me your parole.'

" 'It is given, lieutenant,' replied Madame. But I took the precaution to lock the door. I was out, like the credulous fool that I must have been, possibly three minutes, found nothing, and remembering my promise to the Emperor, ran back to find that Madame had disappeared ! Yes, the room was empty. I could not think, could not control my brain, when this awful fact confronted me. Madame had escaped, and that after the Emperor had trusted me to watch her. It maddened me, this reflection. I rushed at the walls, for she had not gone by the door, and beat furiously upon them in my passion. But they were strong, those walls, and well made, so that for some time I could not find the secret door which I knew must exist.

"While I still worked frantically, I heard a horse galloping on the road in front of the house, and rushed to the door in time to see Madame riding away, just turning once to wave a mocking farewell. It was useless to attempt to catch her, for her horse was fast, and she was far down the vile road before Bibette started in chase.

"My friends, I am nearly at the end of this story. Less than an hour later I was at Waterloo. But Fate had been too strong even for the Emperor, and the Prussians had joined Wellington. I saw the last charge of the Old Guard, and rushed into the fight eager to die. It was not to be, and soon after I was swept away in the retreat.

"Madame Lavalle had, I learned after, played an important part in the Emperor's plans. But she had become jealous, or angered at his coldness, and had given the signal to the Prussians to advance, and rescue the English. How it was done I never knew, but her presence at some point must have been necessary at a certain time. No wonder Madame was nervous !

"So that, my friends, is the way I, a trusted officer, lost Europe for the Emperor. You know the rest, of his return to Paris, and the shameful exile to St. Helena. I need not repeat it now. Every day since then, my friends, I have mourned, have cut myself off from my fellow men, for I am not fit to mingle with them, and have, for I cannot resist the impulse, worn on the anniversary of that day, my old uniform. I disgraced it, but it is all that I have left of the Grand Army and *him !* "

We, Desmond, the fat Englishman, Leblanc and myself, left the veteran next day, but the memory of his agony and his pitiful story will always remain with me. When I returned to Paris I told the old soldier's story at the club, and it was then proposed to bring him to France, for very few of Napoleon's veterans could at that date have been living. I, who had known him, even for a short time, knew that he would never return to France, but would live his few remaining years there in the forest with his grief.

Builders By the Sea

By Bonnycastle Dale

With Photographs by the Author

ALL along the northern Pacific Coast, where the tide sets in among the rocks and the seagulls breed among the seals, from the Columbia to the Aleutians, a curious race of Indians dwell. Evidently of Oriental extraction, the Kwakiutl—note the odd and characteristic click, so common in the dialects of the coast—pick up a precarious and, it must be admitted, odoriferous living along the shelving beaches and treacherous currents of the sea.

It was on one of these beaches, strewn with all the flotsam and jetsam of a thousand storms, that we met an old chief heroically wresting a canoe from a hard red-cedar log by means of a rasp rudely transformed into an adze. Great piles of logs from tempest scattered rafts surrounded him, lumber from deckloads listed in some heavy blow, timbers from the hulls of forgotten ships, laths, shingles, boxes, barrels, twisted scraps of iron once wrought with human hands, and at our feet as we walked, its delicate platinum wires still uninjured, its frail glass still unbroken, an electric-light bulb. Yet there in the morning sunshine, among the wreck of the giants of the sea, the old man wrought at his slender craft, using a pattern that has been the same for perhaps a thousand years, and that will defy the Pacific rollers where their greater brethren head gladly in for shelter when the winds of the world are abroad. The sunlight flashed upon his muscled bronze arms, and sparkled on the rude blade. Fritz and I moved forward with a salutation.

FULL SPEED AHEAD IN ROUGH WATER

Gradually we came to know him, and to have in some wise a friendship with him, though he spoke only the "old people's tongue" with a smattering of Chinook, the lingua-franca of the coast which is compounded of English, French and Spanish into a queer rattling jargon that serves the stray traveller when a meal or a

A WOUNDED GREAT BLUE HERON AND A HUNTING DOG IN THE BOW OF A NATIVE HUNTING CANOE

direction is in question. He had put many weeks of labor on the canoe he was building, and looked forward to many more. Past his ninetieth year, verging well on the century mark, every blow counted, every stroke fell true. Each morning he began the day with a sunbath, ate a breakfast of fish or flesh, washed down with a drop of rancid whale or codfish oil, and accompanied with batter cakes baked in the white-hot sand. Then he trudged off with his adze, and slowly —oh, so slowly !—formed from that obstinate log the canoe his mind had designed. All day long he toiled without food or drink. At sunset, his feet crossed the homeward trail; off fell the rude clothes, and the last rays flashed from his shoulders as he went out into the sea. After his dip he returned to his house for food and sleep. So his days passed, and daily before our eyes the canoe slowly grew.

To understand these coast tribes aright, you must divide each tribe according to language, and then subdivide according to dialect. The unskilled lump everything with a red skin under the vulgar title of "siwash," which in the Chinook means simply "Indian." Chinook is the ordinary inter-tribal means of communication, but each sub-division has its own peculiar, clicking, deeply guttural language, and when the prospector or other traveller comes across an Indian who does not talk the Chinook, strange difficulties sometimes arise.

For instance, a prospector of my acquaintance making the inside route in his Fraser River boat came across a lonely Indian house in a little cove of an island. Anchoring and going ashore in his punt, he shook the rude door, and was answered only by a faint crying, like that of a puppy. Opening the door and entering the dimly-lighted low-raftered room, he saw a boy lying beside the strangely contorted figure of an old man, and moaning softly.

"Chah-co-yah-wah?" he asked in Chinook.

"Cole! cole!" (cold) the lad, shy as a sick animal, moaned.

"Cold?" said the prospector. "Itamika cly—sick tum-tum?" (Why do you cry? Sick stomach?")

"Cole! cole!" the boy repeated

"Hyas kwass." (Very much frightened.)

"Yah-ka chope?" asked the prospector, questioning if the dead man were his grandfather.

"Na-wit-ka!" (Yes). "Cole! Hyas kwass!" cried the boy, and with that he broke into a torrent of frightened screams. No wonder the poor little mite was almost frenzied; the old man had been dead almost a week, and only the raw sea-lion meat beside the door had kept the child from starving; as it was, he had had to fight for even that with the rats.

The prospector dug a hasty grave. In an hour the old man was buried, and preparations were completed for their departure. Only one thing of value remained; an engraved and carved square of metal, a piece of copper, greatly prized by the tribesmen, who are organized into secret societies, whose sign of authority are these copper squares. The prospector picked up the metal, for which as many as five hundred pairs of blankets would be a fair exchange among the Indians, and said to the boy:

"Chaco!" (Come).

But the boy would none of him.

"Gok-watse-taglis!" he cried. "Gok watse-taglis!"

Now, this was no Chinook, but one of these incomprehensible Indian tongues, and the prospector was at a loss. He could not understand the lad; and yet it was very evident that whatever "Gok-watse-taglis" was, it was something the boy considered indispensable. He tried signs, persuasion, and even laid hand on him, for time pressed, and he must go; also he must take the boy, for no one else might come for days, and there was no food. But the lad wriggled out of his grasp and ran frantically, pausing occasionally to repeat "Gok-watse-taglis" in distress and despair. The prospector had a nimble pair of legs, and finally ran him down, carrying him out to the Fraser boat in strong arms, and lashing him snugly with a rope to prevent his leaping overboard. It was not till months afterward, that the prospector, having given the boy over to a male relative, and almost having

THE ANCIENT CANOE-BUILDER AND HIS FOURTH KLOOTCHMAN (WIFE) EXAMINING OUR "GHOST-PICTURES" OF HIMSELF

forgotten the incident, learned what "Gok-watse-taglis" meant. It was a plea for the last tribal rites over the body of his dead grandfather. "Burn the house; burn the canoe; burn everything!" it meant, and who knows how much of a tragedy it may have been to the boy ?

But to come back to our canoe-building chief. Slowly we learned, partly by speech, partly by observation and inference, something of his history, and one day he told us, in a swift, low current of Kwakiutl and Chinook and English, a curious tale. It is impossible to render it intelligibly with any reference to his manner of speech, therefore I translate into ordinary English the story of how he took the bear for his totem. Remember that while these tribes have no Manitou they have for each family or clan a spirit, the representation of which is used as a crest on blankets, on totem-poles, in carvings on cedar chests, and the like. Also each man of a family may have his own private totem.

"Before you white men came here, and only your sick men are white men, my father and his father had a great village clan. It would take ten canoe builders ten years to build all the canoes we had on the beach. Our village broke up into many fishing villages, and my father wanted to get them all back. So he sent canoes far up the arms of the sea, up into the mountains, and he sent others to all the islands in the sea where my people dwelt. Then we made fine blankets of cedar bark, long ropes of cedar bark. Then we built a great potlatch house of cedar boards all split out with stone axes and bone wedges. We gathered berries and pressed them into cakes. We gathered much sea weed and dried it. We dried herring's eggs, we dried clams and threaded them on thin cedar sticks. We dried salmon and squid," (the Devil Fish of the nature fakirs) "We made long lines of sea-lion sinews and we put bladders on them and harpooned many seals and sea-lions. Then we followed the bladders and picked up the dead ones. We made mighty nets of deer sinews and kelp and cedar bark, and drove the elk and deer and bear into them and killed them with our stone axes and our mussel shell pointed harpoons. Our boys killed ducks and geese with blunted arrows. Our young men put up great nets and caught canoe loads of flying sea fowl. We caught great loads of oulican (candlefish) and dried these so that they would burn and give us much light. We filled the big wooden vessels of water and threw in hot stones and boiled the halibut and the cod and red fishes. With long rakes we took many canoe loads of herrings; these we dried in the sun and in the smoke houses. Then we soaked them in whale oil to make good food, all for the great feast of my gathering people.

"Now the women took feathers and hair and cedar bark and made many blankets. We killed nearly all the old dogs and put their hair in the blankets, too. Now great heaps of baskets were made out of willows and weeds, baskets that would hold water, cedar baskets to carry loads of food in. The young men carved with shell knives and knives of stone many food dishes and cedar food boxes. All the canoes were now away inviting all my people and I went out to find my spirit.

"I went out into the forest alone as far as I could go in one day. I had a kelp bulb of whale oil, a stone knife and a cedar stick. I threw my cedar blanket off and walked naked. Soon I saw a great eagle. It flew down into a low tree and put its open bill near my face. I ran about the tree. The bird stuck its bill through it. I wedged it there with the cedar stick and climbed on the eagle's back. I made it fly away with me to its nest, away up near the sun. I took of the feathers of the nest and the down of the young birds and made me a blanket for I was cold. Soon the bear called up from the woods below for me to come down, as the eagle would tear me in bits to feed its young with. So I took the young by the neck and we fell slowly down to the woods. Now the old eagle followed me and I threw away the bulb of oil. It made a great

THE "VALDES"—ONE OF THE GREAT RACING CANOES OF THE COAST INDIANS

lake and the eagle had to fly around it. Soon I threw away the cedar stick, and it made a great woods to hide the bear in. Then I threw away the stone knife, and it made a great mountain for the eagle to fly over. Then I hid in the woods and rubbed myself with hemlock bark, and the bear taught me a dance and the song of the bear, and I learned it and went home and danced it around the fire in the big house before the old men; and then I was made a member of the secret society; and the bear was to be my totem, and the bear song was to be my song, and the bear dance my dance, and I have never again killed a bear. So all my people came from the big swift rivers of the mountains, from the islands of the sea, from the coves of the sea shore, and watched me dance the bear dance, and heard me sing the bear song."

The old sunken-cheeked chief sang again the refrain of his great life event—the choosing of his totem and the admittance into the secret society—"Nan-ulla lek lax-o" (In the magic of my body I found the bear).

That was the last we ever saw of him. With the conclusion of the tale we paddled away from the flotsam-strewn beaches, hearing the dull bite of the adze and the low rumble of his crooning voice humming the Song of the Bear. The great war canoes passed back and forth before us between the

NETTING SEA URCHINS IN THE SHALLOWS. A GOOD EXAMPLE OF A TWO-MAN FISHING CANOE

carcass of a stranded whale and the shore. The odor was almost unbearable to us, and yet in a canoe, that passed us, laden with blubber, one little urchin in the bow was serenely resting on a pillow of the decayed meat, and cheerfully lunching off one end of it.

We looked back, pausing in our stroke. On the beach the old chief bent again over his task, his bronze arm rising and falling to the rude

rhythm of the clumsy adze. Beside him, on a prostrate timber, sat his blue-handkerchiefed klootchman, or squaw, watching alternately the labor of her man and the departure of our canoe.

As we swung dippingly around a bend that shut off the ancient canoe-maker from our view, we saw, resting on the top of an isolated rock, the last chapter of the story—a weather-rotted skeleton canoe, containing bleached and rotting bones.

THE GATE OF THE SINGING WINDS

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

OH, it's far by the road of the curving downs
A-scent with the fresh-ploughed loam,
There lies the gate of the Singing Winds
Where April gets her home.

And it's merry, oh, merry, the trooping Winds
That sing on the winding road,
And light of heart are the early Winds
That dance with their flower-bud load.

It's near, so near to the shingled roofs,
And the cow that lows in her stall,
But never a lover of fire-lit rooms
May measure or find at all.

The baby comes back from his meadow play
With a smile on his dimpled mouth,
When he tries to tell of his day-long play
With the Singing Winds of the South.

The boy goes out in the dewy dawn
Where the early violets hide,
And he comes with a strange, shy look on his face
But he tells not where they bide.

The seal of their kiss is yet cool on his lips,
And their breath in his mist-wet hair;
The Singing Winds of the South are sweet,
And follow wherever he fare.

But it's merry, oh, merry, the Singing Winds
That dance on their grass-grown way,
And light of heart are the early Winds
That open the buds of May.

The Second Wrestler

By Floy Campbell

Calcutta, India,
June 15th, 1910.

To Mr. Taylor McChesney,
Toronto, Ont.

My dear Mr. McChesney,

You will, I know, be interested in hearing that I have at last run across three examples of that type of Japanese portrait work in wood-carving which we were discussing when last I dined with you. There are two warriors, life-size, in full costume of the seventeenth century, and one wrestler, naked except for the loin cloth. The work on all of them is admirable, and the coloring wonderful. The figure of the wrestler is even more realistic than usual, the details being worked out with a precision, an anatomical nicety, that no other nation has ever approached. Every vein, every tendon, is shown, and only the exaggeration of the attitude, the ferocity of the expression, and the perfect immobility of the figure convince one that it is not a living man who stands there.

JOHN DEWITT BERNARD swung around in his chair, and regarded the treasure of which he had just written. He did not look at the room; that was sufficiently familiar to him—a great barn of a place, by no means Indian in character, though planted in the midst of Hindustan. It was merely his store house, his office while he was in the city, and his lumber room at all times. The bare, white walls were pierced with a few high windows. There were two doors, the large front entrance and opposite a smaller one at the back. On the floor were neatly folded piles of rugs, cabinets of small carvings and gems, portfolios of prints, bits of priceless "junk" of all sorts; for John De Witt Bernard was a collector of curios for museums and for men of wealth.

Just now he was again studying his latest acquisition, the precious Japanese carvings. He rose and went to them, touching the curiously wrought dresses of the warriors, richly painted and inlaid with gold and colored wood, their hair, which, contrary to all accepted European canons, was real; and finally wheeling into the light the one wrestler that he might gloat upon the perfect work, the finish and expressiveness of it. With his finger he followed the line of the tendons on the outstretched neck. His eye dwelt, with a connoisseur's satisfaction, upon the distended veins, the glaring eyeballs, the hideous grin of hatred that distorted every feature. The very nails on the toes that gripped the earth as the man lunged forward were, he noted, carved and finished with an impossible exactness and a consummate anatomical knowledge. Yes, they even retained some trace of the polish so skillfully applied by that long dead workman. McChesney would be pleased with such an example of craftsmanship; he must be. Now, if the second wrestler could only be found—for there were certainly two of these figures, as well as two warriors. Bernard sighed as he returned to his desk.

You will find the statues in an excellent state of preservation, he continued his letter, *indeed, considering their age, the color and condition of the paint and the soundness of the wood is almost a miracle. They must have been in*——

The hot silence was suddenly broken by the sound of running feet outside. The door was flung violently open, and shut with a bang. With a startled exclamation Bernard dropped the pen

on the open letter, and swung toward the sound, facing, to his amazement, Okama, his own confidential man; Okama, the quiet and discreet, sleek and well groomed Japanese boy he had picked up years before on his Oriental wanderings, had cared for and educated and made into a machine for his own use, with a Western brain under his stiff black hair, Western shrewdness and coolness behind his narrow calm eyes, and Western college trained muscles amply filling a suit of custom made clothes that would have hung loose on most of his countrymen and required an upturned cuff at ankle and wrist.

"Now, what's up?" inquired John Bernard, testily. He had always delighted in the one Oriental trait of his most useful protege, a quiet and impassive manner; and in the man before him, shaking in the grip of a black rage, he scarcely recognized his boy.

"I have killed a man." The boy leaned against the closed door, breathing heavily.

"What? What? In heaven's name, why?"

"He insulted the spirits of my ancestors."

"Insulted the——" John Bernard sank back, speechless.

"The spirits of my ancestors," Okama completed the sentence quickly. He had become entirely calm now.

"And you—*you*—killed him for that? For that! Good God, man, I thought I had made you over into a Canadian. Here I've taught you and trained you all these years——" he looked helplessly at the boy.

"Still—I am Japanese. And now—they come to take me."

"You'd better get out then, and get quick. There isn't a corner in here big enough to hide a mouse."

"I cannot go. They have seen me enter, and they have surrounded the house."

"What the devil made you come here then?" said Bernard, with some heat. "You're caught like a rat in a trap. There's not a thing I can do to help you. Not a thing." And his eyes roved anxiously around the bare room.

"I know a way, sir. I can yet escape, if you will write, and look not around either as I go, or as they search. So you may say you know not where I went, nor what means I took to make me safe."

"I'd do anything to help you out of the scrape, and you know it. I can't see your drift, but here goes. I'll not turn for half an hour. Now go. Quick! I hear steps."

Bernard swung to his desk again, and took a fresh sheet of paper, crumpling the ink-blotted one into a ball.

Calcutta, India,
June 15th, 1910.

Mr. Taylor McChesney,
Toronto, Ont.

He began again. There was a steady rustling behind him, somewhere in the big room. He wondered what kind of a hiding place Okama could construct, and whether he dreamed for a moment that a shelter of the rugs, or of the embroidered robes, would go unsearched. The rustling ceased. A rap sounded at the door.

"Come!" called the master of the place.

It was the expected trio of policemen. A murder had been committed, the murderer, followed by the police, had been seen to enter this house, and had not been seen to leave it. They begged the privilege of searching.

"You can see everything in the room with one glance," said John Bernard, "but search; by all means, search. There are only two exits, as you see, both leading out-of-doors. No closets, no alcoves, no garrets, not a curtain nor a trap door. But search."

"You saw the man we're after?"

"I saw him."

"Is he still here?"

"Now, look here; I don't know a thing more about that man than you do. He was here. Where he is now I can't say. I've told you to search. Go ahead. Turn the whole shop upside down if you want to; haul over everything in it, and hunt every corner, but don't bother me. This letter's got to go to-night on the outbound mail. Drive on, now—only," he added sharply, as he heard the unmistakable tap of iron on wood, "don't touch those

statues. They're priceless, and if you damage them, you'll be in the hottest water you ever struck."

"I—I beg pardon, sir; it was an accident. We'll not touch them again. Careful, Bob. Turn the draperies over there—"

The search went on, with the sound of unfolded cloth, the dragging of rugs, and the moving of cabinets to look for possible hidden closets. John struggled to remain silent and impassive in this hunt for the boy he had trained, and grown to need so much that the need was almost affection.

At last, standing in the rear doorway, one of the searchers shouted to the watch outside:

"He's not here. Have you seen him leave?"

"No. He must be there."

"I say he's not. Ye can come and see."

John was sorely tempted to turn in his chair, but held himself with an effort, and continued his letter.

These are very remarkable carvings, as you may know from the above description, and I am only waiting until my search for the second wrestler is successful to sail for Canada.

Behind him, voices were raised in hot dispute.

"He must ha' passed you in some disguise, then."

"Just what he's done," thought Bernard, with a thankful leap of the heart, "that's what he was rustling back yonder—a costume——"

"He did not. Never a soul passed that door. You've not looked here proper."

"Hunt for yourself, then. We've turned every rag of a rug or curtain, and re-turned it. There isn't a crack in the walls or the floor, and not a thing hanging on the walls but them two or three suits of clothes, and not a stick o' furniture to hide behind, but the little cabinets and them wooden figgers. I tell you there's no other way. He's got out in one of these dresses; hasn't he, sir?"

"That's possible," said Bernard, without turning; "indeed, highly probable, but I can't say with certainty. He left while my back was turned."

"He never left at all," said the man from outside, positively, "unless he left invisible. I tell you, nothing in any costume whatsoever, or in no costume whatsoever, has passed that door since I got to my place."

The men stood silent and irresolute for a moment, looking over the bare room.

"I've heard of them as could go invisible," said one of them at last, in a low, awed tone; and John Bernard felt the roots of his hair stir, for faith in the occult is breathed in with the air of India. But the leader of the searching party stopped his men sternly and angrily.

"He left before ye got to your posts, ye fools, and ye want to get out o' the blame for yer beastly slowness. Well, it's sure he's not here. Come, we've got to search the town now. Thanks to you, sir; and beg pardon for any trouble."

As the door swung behind the officers John Bernard swung around in his chair again, and looked about the great room. For a moment, while he listened to the dispute of the men, he had been sure that Okama had found some secure disguise in the rich assortment of costumes there; and he still felt that to be the sanest explanation of his escape, although his conviction was shaken by the declaration of the watchers that nothing had passed the door. He knew their chief was unjust in accusing his men of lingering on the road to their posts, for he had seen them outside even as he talked with Okama.

One of them had hinted of men who could go invisible. He, too, had heard such stories, and, like many intensely practical men, he had a reverse side to his nature, visionary, and dyed deep with many-colored superstitions. Was it possible that Okama, with the revivifying of his Orientalism, had suddenly discovered in himself this power? Hide he could not; and they swore he had not left the building.

"Hello!" cried Bernard, suddenly.

There in the shadow under the high window, facing its double in the light, stood the desire of his eyes, the second wrestler. Line for line the bodies

corresponded—the straining muscles, the starting veins, the toes of the left foot, on which the weight was thrown, convulsively gripping the earth, the ferocious face, with the glaring eyes, and the distorted grin of hate.

And then, as John DeWitt Bernard looked, and rubbed his eyes, and looked again, unable to realize this strange fulfillment of his dream, suddenly the statue gave way, crumbled into a heap of exhausted flesh. The strain of continued and perfect immobility had been too much for Okama, and he had fainted.

THE PILOT

BY CY WARMAN

ON ST. LAURENT I'm pilot, me, an' tak' de beeg shep down,
An' I know plantee familee w'at's livin' all aroun',
An' some can't speak it, English, do' he's got good Scotch nam'
Because he's gran' pare's fadder's gran' pare's fight here on Montcalm.

I can't help say, sometam'; "too bad dose fellah w'at is King,
Can't mak' som' kine peace-parliament," but dat is 'noder ting,
Mabee it's right, de sodger said—I t'ink Napoleon—
"Le bon Dieu help de armie mos' w'at's have de mos' bes' gun."

Dere's wan t'ing, an' I'm always proud for see it on de sky,
From batteau on de St. Laurent, w'en we are sail it by,
I'm always look for see dat, w'en de river's nice an' still—
An' dat's de monument of Peace w'at's stan' dere on de hill.

An' all de peep'l—ever' wan she's pleased for see dat dere,
Because, me frien', dat's 'noder t'ing you're not see ever'where,
Dose fellah, dey be fightin' dere for many many mont's,
An' den dey're have one beeg battaille an' bot' line up at once.

Den sodger fin' nice Canadienne an' kiss de tear away,
Com' on de church an' hol' de han' an' mak' de maree.
Den Frenchman, Scotchman, Englishman an' ever' one she's free,
An' all shak' han' an' go to work for mak' de gran' countree.

This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

THE AWAKENING

When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

THE old earth has turned in her sleep. Half awake, she lingers abed, listening to the first springtide noise of winds and rivers. But the birds are calling in the northern woods, and in her deep bosom little spring flowerets are stirring. Days of silver and gold, rain and sunshine, are upon us, and Nature is thinking of that pretty green gown of hers and the little chaplet of flowers she will bind presently across her shining hair. All the world is rejoicing. The robin bursts into song before the sun lifts his golden crown over the edge of the world; the city sparrows, weary of their monotonous winter chirp, introduce new notes into their little spring song, while their kinsman of the white crown utters his three plaintive calls followed by a little trilling aria of joyous notes. All about, the little streamlets, loosened from the ice and frost, gurgle with a pleasant murmuring. The woods are as yet bare, but the trees are pregnant with swelling buds, and here and there from under the carpet of pine-needles and brushy tangles, peeps a trail of green vine.

There is a strange enchantment in one's first walk through the woods in early spring. The step is lighter and more springy than was its wont a month ago, and the eternal joy in the resurrection of things—that amazing miracle of youth and freshness and Love renewed—which occurs at every spring of the year—sends a little current of gaiety dancing through the heart. How good everything feels! How fresh! How new! Lovely old world, after all, despite pessimists and grouchers and those unfortunate humans who are always worried.

The dust and noise of cities is far from us, here in the quiet spaces. Afar off, are they, and the things that have filled our lives, and which are but of very small account to those by which we are now surrounded. A walk up the breezy uplands, then down to the deep pond on the other side where the frogs are fluting, and where among the withered sedges that line its edge

the red-shouldered blackbird is calling in her queer bird-whisper "Chut! Chut!" Now and again a little wind shrills through the stiff rushes, and the frogs stop their singing, until one who has arrived at the distinction of a croak, gives the word of command, and the orchestra tunes up again. All the gentle stirring of spring is here growing more vigorous every hour. The pussy-willows are waving their silvery catkins. The woods seem full of echoes and rustlings, of noiseless noises. The wind sighing in the pines utters a subtle music which reminds one of Keats' fine saying that the poetry of earth is never dead.

"And then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves."

. . . . . .

THE HOUSE OF MANNING

QUEEN MARY, when Princess of Wales—and no doubt at the present time, too—had many a gown built for her by the famous old Manning House in Dublin. To speak of this ancient shop for a moment—it is a regular curio-house of relics and gifts of Royalty. The portraits of many British sovereigns hang on the walls in the little narrow, dark old rooms which no inducement would prevail upon the head of the great firm to change. Their very quaintness is their charm, though the fitting rooms devoted to Royalty and the "haut ton" are large and well lighted. There are odd corners filled with valuables of every kind. From shadowy places you get gleams of the shimmer of gold and silver and faint rose. The management is justly proud of the many medals won at various exhibitions, and of other beautiful prizes.

The head-woman of the dressmaking department—a dignified lady in a trained black satin gown and long gold chain—told the writer of the occasion when Her Majesty was being fitted for a wonderful gown for some Indian féte or other assemblage. This forewoman, with her assistants, accompanied by the manager and head of the firm, was commanded to come to London, and there the gown was fitted. It was literally sewn with precious gems, diamonds and pearls, rubies and sapphires, and while the women were busy at their work, two detectives stood in the room behind a curtain, four others remained on guard outside. The Princess stood patiently for more than an hour, offering no suggestion but the one, through her lady in attendance, that the collar should be very high and fit very snugly.

"The Princess is very particular about her collars," said the fitter, "but though we have made many gowns for her—especially of Irish poplin, of which she is very fond—we never had a dress returned for alteration." It is reported that Queen Mary is ordering several gowns of this fabric for her Coronation and its festivities.

How funny it was about Queen Alexandra and her dressmaker one time, and how very distressing it must be to be a royal person sometimes. Their Highnesses ought really to be sent into the world provided with a fur or feather outfit warranted to last.

Imagine yourself—as the French say—being "tried on" and never being allowed to address directly your dressmaker. The Mistress of the Robes, who is always a Personage, and who probably knows next to nothing about gown-building, is the one to whom the Queen must confide her woes.

"Our sleeve is a little tight here," sayeth her Majesty, indicating a spot below the elbow.

"Her Majesty's sleeve," echoes the Personage in lofty tones, "is rather tight just below the elbow."

"Her Majesty's sleeve," exclaims the head dressmaker, in a tone of extreme hauteur to her five or six underlings, "is unduly narrow below her Majesty's elbow."

"There's a pin sticking in our person below the belt," says her Majesty, humbly.

"A pin annoys her Majesty somewhere below the waist-line," repeats the Personage in a freezing tone.

"A pin perforates her Majesty's underclothing, just below the royal stomacher," says the head dressmaker

in a calm and haughty voice. "See to its instant removal."

And all the time the pin is sticking in the Queen.

. . .

MORALS AND RED HAIR

A RED-HAIRED GIRL in a recent novel gives this exposition of her true feelings to her dearest woman friend: She—the red-haired one—had been in love with a young lieutenant whose prospects would have been wrecked had she accepted him. Fortunately she declined. But he, after the manner of men, almost immediately engaged himself to another woman. And the red-haired one, being human, feels a trifle bitter about it.

"THERE'S A PIN STICKING IN OUR PERSON," SAYS HER MAJESTY HUMBLY

"Nauseous, is it not, Monica? And so superfluous! In the first place, why need I be fond of him? I have been fond of other men, half a dozen, more or less—more, I fancy. One forgets. In sentimental songs a woman loves once. But nature has made no remarks on this subject, I believe. Nature is not sentimental. And the poets? Never mind what they say. Just watch what they do. If you find the One, and he finds you, that is luck. But if you do not, you make your little tentative excursions. Men tell us we are womanly when we love but once. Men! They have told us a lot of things to make life comfortable for themselves.

"Monica, I don't mean to excuse myself. I have knocked about a good deal, you know. That is what happens when you are an orphan, have red hair, and three uncles. Instead of finding the One, I was always finding some other woman's One. I never went to stay a few days in a country house but somebody left in tears—I, or somebody else, it matters little which. My hair, I suppose. I loved once and forever when I was sixteen; twice and forever at seventeen and a half; thrice and forever shortly after. They all married rich girls. I never met very good men—not very bad, but not good, mediocre. I never met a woman I trusted until I knew you—not bad women, but conventional, cowardly, mediocre. I think I've not done anything very bad, but heedless, reckless, stupendously rash things without number. Mean? Well, I don't know; rather malicious, when women weren't nice to me..... And what makes me wicked is to see how holy the girls feel whose mothers marry them off well, girls who have no temperaments, or tongues, or red hair, and to whom men don't make love except on a good commercial Basis."

Of course, she did not forget. Women rarely do. It was only her little attempt at seeming clever, she was airing the modern epigram that women love to indulge in. Epigrams are hardly wholesome. Are we losing the old wholesome grasp on life, I wonder?

Women in the old days loved and were forgotten, and set aside for someone else, but they didn't scathe their male admirers and their female friends with epigrams. They just shrank within themselves—dear gentlewomen—and bore the hurt in secret. At times, they too, being human, forgot in a way—for a woman always carries dead rose leaves in her heart—and they married and bore children, and busied themselves in household and nursery ways and lived serene and sweet, and—if one might say it—virginal lives, and died and were buried and had marble tombstones erected over them, recapitulating their virtues. Such women were like the pot pourri in Sevres jars. But I don't think, somehow, they had red hair.

"I LOVED ONCE AND FOREVER WHEN I WAS SIXTEEN, TWICE AND FOREVER AT SEVENTEEN AND A HALF, AND THRICE AND FOREVER SHORTLY AFTER"

. . . . .

BLIND JUSTICE

THE wreck and ruin brought about by the band of looters and robbers who apparently controlled, of their own sweet will, the institution lately known as The Farmers' Bank, has caused widespread horror, indignation and despair throughout Ontario. Not merely men, but thrifty country women whose poor little scrapings have been earned through years of hard work and deprivation, have lost every cent they had. As one farmer, sixty years old, said to his wife, "We are where we started on our wedding day, Mary. Everything we have is gone and the old place will have to go to meet the demands." She could not answer him for the sobs that strangled her throat, and the tears that raced down her old face. Hundreds of country people have been ruined. It was like robbing children to rob these honest people whose money was so bitterly earned.

And what does Travers, the arch-criminal, the ex-manager, get? Six years, sans hard labor, in the Penitentiary. Six years, lessened perhaps by two—if he behaves himself. This certainly seems inadequate punishment for the crimes of forgery, falsifying accounts and straight stealing. The money of a whole country-side—the earnings of a lifetime of toil and sacrifice was squandered by this man and his uncaught (so far) associates—in high living, rich wines, splendid establishments, fine cooking, motors, steam yachts, and marble baths sunken in the floor and reached by marble steps—such baths as the old Roman senators had in their houses. Canadian plumbers could not set up these magnificent fittings, these hidden faucets and white marble arrangements, so they were brought from New York to the private palace of the ex-manager of the ex-bank. Along with all this, there was the "fancy-dressed" butler, the chauffeur, the house attendants. Grown trees were planted round the estate; saplings would take too long to grow. Then there had to be trips to New York, to Syracuse, to England. On a salary of five or six thousand, the man Travers lived at the rate of twenty thousand. And all this with the stolen money of the good farmers of Ontario.

And, for all this, six years—without labor—in Kingston Penitentiary!

Is it not time to take the bandage off the eyes of Justice?

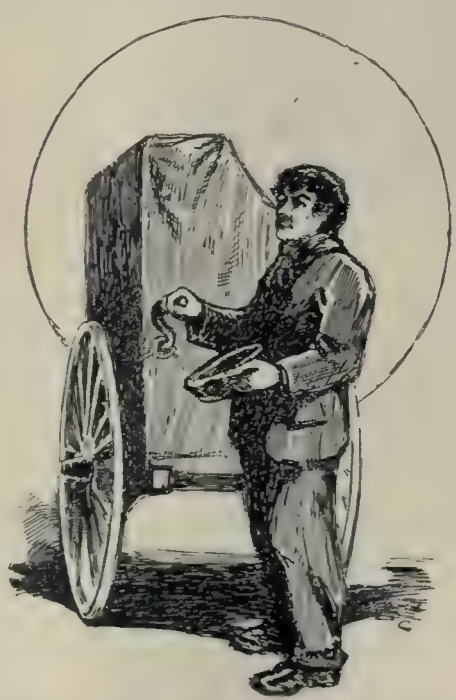
. . . . .

NERVES AND NOISE

NO doubt the poor street musician has to live like the rest of us, but there are moments when he causes

murderous thoughts to arise in one's breast. How merrily he winds up his desperate instrument of a morning just under your window and pours out "rag" and "sentimental" from "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" to the latest "heart" ballad. The voice of the complaining sluggard is lost in the cheerful racket of the one-band man. That terrible travelling piano is a little mine of noises that go off in the most explosive manner. A demon would appear to live in it who, while pounding out bass with his boots, dashes madly up and down in little rills and rivulets in the treble, and at the same moment compasses the feat of crashing out mezzo chords—with four pairs of hands, presumably. There is a vindictiveness about the travelling piano that is appalling. The dreadful machine appears to revel in "Lucia di Lammermoor" to the measure of an Irish jig; it laughs at Wagner and pounds out "Wise Old Owl" immediately after a deadly attempt on "Die Abendstern." Then it cheerfully offers you Mascagni in rag-time, and winds up with an attack on "Faust" that makes you wonder why Mephisto—in his own interests—does not retaliate. Not content with regaling you before breakfast with Carmen in curl-papers, it trots back in the afternoon and implores you—in your busiest hour— to "Come Rest in This Bosom, My Own Stricken Deer." What a bosom to rest in, to be sure! And at sun-down, just as you are settling down to read that last delightful book—here is the demon again grinding out with joy a delirious "fantasie" on "Traviata," or groaning the "Dead March." The grind-organ is an instrument I would like to have all to myself in the back garden for an hour or so—merely to see what is wrong with its inside. It makes the way to salvation a peculiarly hard road to travel, being conducive neither to charity nor prayer.

And yet—how many millions of people there are who are not alone indifferent to noise but who rather enjoy it? "Rest? Rest?" cried the jansenist Arnould. "Have I not all eternity to rest in?"—which query, of course, you will answer according to your own particular belief. We are leading what is called "the fuller life" these days, and this kind of existence abounds with noise. It is the young man who is leading the fuller life who bangs his door over your head and lets heavy boots fall from a height of many feet upon the floor of his bedroom. He cannot realize the mental condition of the wretched milk-sop—as he would call him—below, who is capable of being worried by the sounds of life. The world of to-day is crowded with men and women whose feeling towards noise-makers of all kinds is one of tolerance if not benevolent neutrality. In spite of the nervous troubles that are said to be on the increase from the high pressure at which the life of to-day spins, the real sufferers from noise—from the street cries. the street music, the squeaks and groans of cars rounding curves, the whistles and cat-calls of street urchins—are those who lead sedentary lives, and who usually belong to the literary or quasi-literary classes, and who, therefore, being in the minority, are merely unconsidered human trifles.



HE TROTS BACK IN THE AFTERNOON AND IMPLORES YOU IN YOUR BUSIEST HOUR TO "COME REST IN THIS BOSOM, MY OWN STRICKEN DEER"

Grafting On Galicia

By Henry Schiller

Illustrated with Photographs

HENRY SCHILLER

THE little Austrian province of Galicia once belonged to Poland—indeed, Krakow was, at one time, the capital of the Polish Kingdom, while in the reign of Maria Theresa the country was divided among Germany, Austria and Russia.

Until fifty years ago, the Ruthenians were serfs, the Polanders owning all the land, but in 1848, a revolt resulted in a division of the land, the owner keeping one-third of his property, and the remaining two-thirds being divided among the serfs.

This division satisfied the people at that time, but with the increase in population, the land has been divided and sub-divided to such an extent, that it is cut up into plots of three, four and five acres each so that it is almost impossible for a man wishing to invest in a large amount of land to obtain it in one unbroken district. many of the landowners having property scattered over different parts of the country.

Until last year, only landowners could vote; now, the right of franchise is granted to every man over twenty-one years of age, although votes run in proportion to the amount of land owned; that is, a man who owns a great deal of land has a whole vote; the second-rate owner has half of a vote, and all other votes count only as a third. There is continual friction between the classes. The Polanders rule the country—they are the *Szlachta* and they treat the lower classes as though they were still serfs. The common people have been fighting for ten years to get some of the government offices under their control, and there will surely be a revolution unless some decisive action is taken soon.

The offer of one hundred and sixty acres of land in Canada to each homesteader is a very great temptation to the Galician, as many of the largest landowners in his own country do not own much more than that. An old Galician, in speaking of the tide of emigration to this country, said, "The Bible says the day will come when horseless iron wagons will transport our goods to another country."

The country, both in physical formation and climate, is very like western Canada, so that the Galicians find themselves at home in this country, only they are a very sociable people, and they do not like the long distances between farms. At home, they live in villages and go out to their farms to work, so that their evenings are spent in social intercourse.

Many who have come to Canada, and have made a certain amount of money, have then returned to their own country to buy farms there. The competition thus engendered has raised

the price of land all over Galicia, a unique result of the Canadian immigration policy.

In Galicia the only way to make a living is by agriculture. If a man has no land himself, he must work for someone else and for this, in the busiest time of the year he gets one kroner, or twenty cents a day, while in slack times. he gets only one-half that amount.

The soil is fruitful and produces wheat, tobacco, corn, rye, potatoes, fruit and vegetables of all kinds. This is fortunate, for the Galician is a vegetarian, only eating meat twice a year, at Christmas and Easter. His staple article of diet is mush, made out of corn flour, but on holidays and Sundays he eats a special dish called *peroha*, a sort of pie in which the paste is made of rye and the filling of cheese and potatoes.

Holidays, moreover, are frequent, for there are one hundred and seventy in the year, including Sundays, and on these days no work whatever is done. They also have two fairs on Saints' days; one at Lasckow on the third of July, and the other at Orinien, near Lemburg, a month later.

LIFE SITS LIGHTLY ON THE GALICIANS

AN OLD-WORLD HOUSE AND A MODERN BICYCLE CONTRAST CURIOUSLY

IN CANADA THE CHARACTERISTIC GALICIAN BUILDING HAS UNDERGONE A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER. THEIR BUILDINGS ARE MODERN AND SANITARY

THERE ARE ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY HOLIDAYS IN THE YEAR ON WHICH NO WORK WHATEVER IS DONE

The Greek Catholic church prevails throughout the country, although the Roman Catholic religion is strong among the higher classes. Every fork or cross road has two crosses dedicated to some Saint, and each of these crosses must be saluted when travelling. On Sunday afternoon, they have dances on the grass after church, when affairs are run very much in the manner of an old-fashioned Quaker meeting. The women stay together at one side of the lawn, and the men on the other. When a man wishes to dance, he calls his chosen partner by name and she comes to him.

It is at these dances that weddings are announced. On the Sunday after-

noon preceding the ceremony, the bride elect attends the dance, kissing the hands of her friends who give her their blessing and promise to be present at the wedding.

The nuptial festivities usually last about three days, the ceremony taking place about four o'clock in the afternoon of the first day, and the rest of the time being spent in dancing, feasting and drinking.

The liquor rights were controlled entirely by the *Szlachta* or nobility, until about twenty-five years ago, when they came under government ownership.

A man obtains selling-rights for a stated territory from the government, and that enables him to erect as many shops and open as many selling-places within the limits of that territory, as he desires. This law is in force now and will obtain for five years, when a change will probably be effected as the present system of license-laws is peculiar to Galicia and prevails in no other country in Europe. The only spirituous liquor manufactured is whiskey, made from potatoes and aniseed, which retails at two *kritzer*, or one cent, a glass.

The sale of tobacco is also a government monopoly, and all the process of growth is under government direction. Engineers are appointed to oversee the amount sown and the amount cut, so that none may be stolen. Each village has a warehouse, and a certain day is appointed each year on which the tobacco must be delivered. Most of it is made into cigars and exported, the Galicians themselves using cigarette tobacco brought in from other countries.

THE CHURCH HAS A CURIOUSLY EASTERN AIR

The railways, too, are owned and operated by the government, the fares being much cheaper than Canadian rates, although the trains are good and quite as fast as ours.

The oil-wells, which are very extensive, are controlled by the Standard Oil Company.

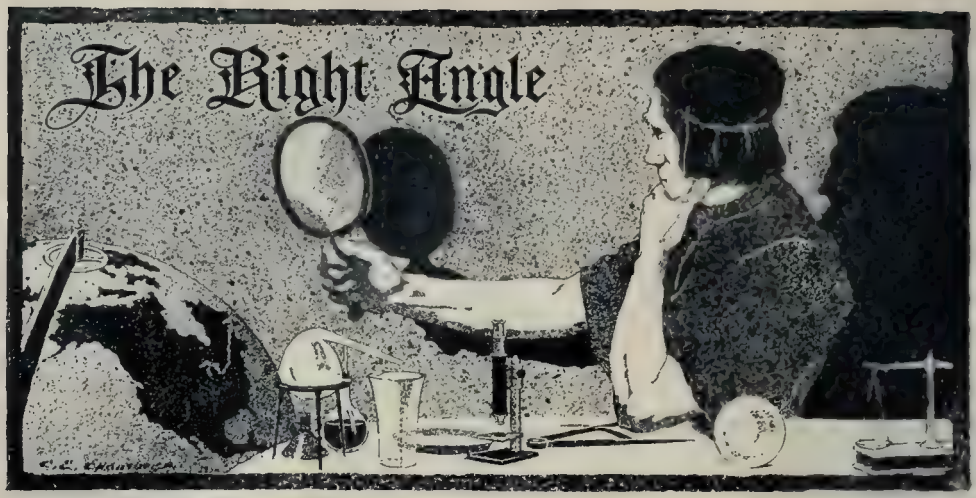
One half the people cannot read or write, but they are most courteous. The writer changed some money for a man who apologized for counting it, saying, "Even found money must be counted."

The Galicians are very musical, and one of their songs about Canada runs like this:

Hej Canada Canodeczker Jakaten te Hurudlewa
Ny Jednoho czolowika to z zinke roclczela
U Galicye hirka zete
Hidit do Canada Panom budete
Yak we tam budete bidowate
Wacze Dite budut Panowate.

which translated is:

Oh Canada, Oh Canada, how fertile you are.
Not one man you have separated from his wife.
In Galicia it is hard to live.
If you go to Canada you'll be a lord.
And if you should have a hard time at first
Remember your children will live in leisure.



REAL RECIPROCITY

EMERSON HOUGH

EMERSON HOUGH came into our office the other day to talk reciprocity, with an article in his overcoat pocket and a twinkle in his alert blue eyes. As it turned out, he did most of the talking, and when he said good-bye, the article "Real Reciprocity" was on our desk, and we wore a contented grin that would have made a Cheshire cat envious.

Down on the other side of forty-nine, Emerson Hough is known as a writer on economic questions whose words it is well to heed. When he sharpens his goose-quill and starts out for abuses, gentlemen in power at Washington hunt for their umbrellas and thoughtfully measure the climbability of near-by trees. Probably you remember the little whirl he had with the weather bureau not long ago, in which the cold-wave artist experienced a frost harder than he ever prophesied for the Michigan peaches. Mr. Hough's satire has a knack of biting home.

Innocently enough, his story on "Real Reciprocity" starts out with the good knight Juan de Smette, who went a-sailing to "ye Indies" for the glory of King Alfonse, and who relates, in the ancient idiom of the early voyagers his experiences and the real reciprocity which he didn't get. There is something of a parable here. With unsparing hand, Mr. Hough pokes fun at the institutions of the United States and the reciprocity that any visiting stranger is likely to secure from such gentlemen as ye "Cacique T. Shonts," "ye great Kynges John and Pierp." and other rulers of "ye Indies."

Canadians reading our May number may laugh over the sorry plight of the good Sir Juan and his "shaiv-tail mewel," but the joke has an edge and the laughter is seasoned with reflection.

"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER" PÈRE

IT was on the old Etruria, almost the last trip before she was taken off the New York run, that Montague Glass's father got away with the honors of the smoking-room," said W. D. Eaton the other day when a discussion about the "Potash and Perlmutter" stories had arisen, and somebody had flatly declared that in them the Jew had been given his first and only true representation.

"It takes a Jew always to give you a real picture of 'Abie'," he went on. "Montague Glass is a Jew himself—a clever New York lawyer—and nobody ever was more surprised than he was when he got his first check back like

the echo from a gun. He had merely described the Jew as he knew him—which was the real reason why the stories caught on. I don't know him personally, but, as I was saying, I met his father in the Etruria. He lived in the smoking-room all the way across—an unobtrusive, all-for-business Jew who never opened his mouth. He drank with everybody, smoked with everybody, laid low for good bets in the pools on the day's run, and listened with both ears. It was a clever bunch of men, and good songs and stories were all over the place every minute.

"One of the funniest cut-ups was a man named Couture, who came aboard at Liverpool full of Scotch and sunshine, and stayed in that cheery condition all the way over. He was friends with everybody from the first—that is, with everybody except Glass. He made several unsuccessful attempts to draw Glass out, and about the sixth day he got after him, and told him there'd be some broken Glass aboard if he didn't loosen up.

"'You've listened to all the stories,' he said, 'and heard all the songs, and laughed over all the jokes we've been getting off for you, and you've never opened your face except to put something in it. I won't stand for it any longer. You've got to tell a story or do a dance or sing a song or go overboard. It's up to you. Spiel!'

"The smoking-room backed him up. Glass was treed. 'But what will I do, gentlemen?' he protested. 'I have no voice. I cannot sing. I have none of those funny stories. I never yet in my life have learned to dance. But,' he added, 'I made up a conundrum since I came on this ship and heard all you comedians makin' a competition. I don't want to go overboard. Will a conundrum do?'

"'Cough it,' said Couture.

"And he did: 'What,' said he, 'is the difference between a man and a turkey?'

"We thought it over singly and in collusion. Nobody got it. Finally we put it back to Glass. He grinned clear around to the back of his neck, and nodded his head.

"'You don't stuff a turkey with chestnuts till he's dead,' said he.

"And so far as I know, that was the sole literary success of Montague Glass's father."

"THERE'S A REASON"

ABOUT all a man ever knows of women's fashions is the bills. Bonnets and shawls, we are creditably informed, have not been worn since the day when the bell-crowned hat and baggy trouser were sported by the beau. Yet nine men out of ten when suggesting that their womenfolk don their outer wraps will say, "Put on your bonnet and shawl, Peggy," a command which "Peggy" obeys without a visible smile.

According to Mlle. Yvonne Coutu, however, there is one fashion that has made a perceptible impression upon masculine Ottawa—the fashion of small hats and long pins, projecting an insouciant half-yard or so beyond the outermost confines of "transformation." Mlle. Coutu is Lady Laurier's social secretary, a wee little mite of a lady who plays Unrelenting Cerberus and comes down like a thousand of brick upon the Persistent Person who tries to see Lady Laurier without sufficient authority. Her English is so broken as to be in little tiny pieces, and the following story which she told at a tea recently is a story of a tragic masculine awakening to the advantages of the hat-pin fashion.

"An' you know," she said, "a gentleman, a frien' of mine, sa-ays to me the h'other day. 'Why do you ladies wear dose small hats an' dose long peens?'

"An' I sa-ay, 'Well, we 'ave to protect h'ourselves.'

"An' he sa-ays, 'I should think so! The h'other day I was talking to a lady, an' I take her in my arms to keess her, when sacré! something sting my cheek—so! "Ah-ha!" say the lady, "Monsieur, when we 'ave h'our 'ands in ze muff, we mus' 'ave 'ands on ze head. Voilà!"'"

And little Mlle. Coutu twinkled knowing bright eyes with the air of one who understands innumerable secrets.

Some wise man has remarked that a

woman's hat is anything she chooses to put on her head. Perhaps; but after that revelation, it looks to the masculine mind as though after all she might have a reason.

PITCH

THAT Apostle of the Strenuous, and only living ex-president of the United States, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, said in a recent address:

"Distrust any man who either praises or blames capitalist or laboring man, big corporation representative or small man in a mass. Make up your mind that they are all about like ourselves, that they contain good men and bad men, and that it is our duty to stand for the good man whether he be the head of a great corporation or the head of a union, or neither."

The reformer who takes all corporations to be fair game any day in the week sometimes has cause to regret it.

Last February Hampton's Magazine published "Cassidy and the Food Poisoners," an article by Cleveland Moffett, in which the writer arraigned the Standard Oil Company, charging them with several unpleasant things in connection with the Philadelphia candy adulterations.

Unfortunately, Mr. Moffett went a step too far, and his article appeared in type without having been thoroughly verified. Next thing Mr. Moffett and Hampton's knew, they had a $350,000 libel suit served up with their breakfast coffee. The biter was bitten in a soft place and that arch anathema of the reformer, the Standard Oil Company, was on the right side of the fence. Author and publisher had to back down, as the two following letters show:

HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE.
66 West 35th St.
New York.
January 31, 1911.

Standard Oil Company, 26 Broadway,
New York:

Dear Sirs:—In the February issue of Hampton's Magazine, there was published an article, written by me, entitled, "Cassidy and the Food Poisoners". In that article I referred to the investigation of Mr. Cassidy, with respect to the manufacture and sale of impure candies in Philadelphia, and made the statement that your Company manufactured and sold impure material which went into these candies and that, when the various dealers were arrested and fined, at the instance of Mr. Cassidy, your Company paid the fines.

Upon investigation, I have ascertained that your Company was in no way connected with the transactions referred to and I hasten to retract in the fullest manner all charges made against your Company, and to express my sincere regret that I should have fallen into this serious error.

Yours truly,
CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

January 31, 1911.

Standard Oil Company, New York City.

Dear Sirs:—Referring to the foregoing letter of Mr. Cleveland Moffett to you, we beg to state that we are convinced that Mr. Moffett was in error in his statements with reference to your Company. We greatly regret that this error should have been made. It is the desire of Hampton's Magazine to be accurate and fair in all things. In our March number we will publish this letter and the foregoing letter of Mr. Moffett.

Yours truly,
BENJ. B. HAMPTON,
President.

All of which goes to show that pitch sometimes sticks to the hands that deal with it.

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

WE HAVE had many pleasant comments on our March cover—you remember the Red One?—and a double-handful of inquiries as to the name of the artist whose brush was responsible for the pretty girl among the plum-blossoms. To Mr. Hugh Stuart Campbell is due the credit for her, and it was through an error that his name was omitted from our March index.

It does our editorial heart good to have our readers "come across" and tell us why they like Canada Monthly—or why they don't. If you have any notions either pro or con, write and tell us. You know, we're making the magazine for you.

THE RED CROSS PRINCESS

PRAISEWORTHY amateur productions are few and far between—their presentation usually causes financial stringency in the pockets of the backers and over-swelled heads on the shoulders of the principals in the cast. If one believes in the exception that proves the rule, much credit and praise should be accorded the producers of the latest military operatic success, "The Red Cross Princess," which was produced recently on the stage of the Princess Theatre, Toronto, under the direction of "National Theatrical Attractions," a company of Toronto gentlemen who believe in the encouragement of new playwrights and composers.

In this particular instance, the needed encouragement was more than justified in that the production was an immediate success, literally, musically, and lastly, but far from least, financially. The music was written by Mr. J. Ernest Lawrence, and the libretto by Mr. Ambrose T. Pike, both composer and librettist being Toronto boys. Any Broadway show would feel proud to hear its tuneful melodies so enthusiastically whistled on its "first night." The true critics of "peanut heaven" picked up the strains and called for encores of "Moon, Moon, Moon," and other airs equally catchy in quick succession. An augmented orchestra under the leadership of E. R. Bowles equitted itself well, and even the scenery and stage settings in general were designed and painted in a Toronto studio.

The theme of the piece is a story of love and war written around German municipalities of mythical geography. The music is full of military swing and dash and contains ballads of delicate sentiment and topical humor. The company of seventy-five people included Ada M. Shields, Thomas A. Ross, Charles H. Downey, James D. Broomhall, Mildred Martin, Campbell H. Duncan, Muriel Buckley, Frank Secretan and Eldridge Stanton.

The production is concrete evidence of the progress which Canada is making in home-grown music and drama; and we hope that "The Red Cross Princess" will lead to bigger things, both for the young composers and for Canada.

A RAFFLES WITH MORALS

DID you ever love a rascal?

As E. W. Hornung pictured "Raffles," it was impossible to help it. Thief, crook, gambler, yet withal a gentleman; a boyish-hearted spirit that rolled life under his tongue with appreciative zest, that risked everything on the next turn of the wheel without the flicker of an eyelash, that was so entirely unmoral as to be beyond all judgment by ordinary standards, "Raffles" was lovable in spite of all the better judgment of a convocation of Presbyterian ministers. The man who, out of sheer deviltry, "lifted" the

CAMPBELL B. DUNCAN AS DR. HENKEL IN
The Red Cross Princess

Melrose diamonds under the nose of Captain Bedford; who serenely walked past the guards of the Tower of London with the priceless Jubilee Cup hidden under his tall hat, kept it on his mantelpiece for a week and then returned it to the Queen "with the compliments of one professional to another"; who baited Scotland Yard as an old and cynical dog-fox plays pussy-wants-a-corner with a panting pack of hounds, walked into your heart and sat down there to smoke a Sullivan within the first half hour of your acquaintance.

After this, the spectacle of "Raffles" standing gracefully centre and uttering sentimentally moral reflections about the salvation of a good woman's love is lamentable indeed. Kyrle Bellew does his best with the role, and it is unnecessary to say that his work is carefully finished and mellow in tone, but—it is not our "Raffles". This man who bids shamelessly for Lady Ethel's sympathy, who has moral regrets, who gazes wistfully and obviously back into the "might-have-been," is not the engaging and unrepentant scoundrel who lent to ugly thievery the redeeming grace of adventure, and took an abbot's ransom with the insouciant relish of a small boy robbing an orchard. We can but wish Mr. Bellew a better role in which to display his urbane and polished comedy—his sense of humor has not the salty tang for the amateur cracksman.

The company supporting Mr. Bellew is well-balanced, and the play moves smoothly. Miss Gladys Hanson does the part of "Gwendolin" vivaciously and with unstudied grace; Frank Connor as "Bunny," is a good foil for "Raffles", and as "Captain Bedford" Frank Westerton says "Damn!" very well indeed. It is good melodrama, and the audience likes being thrilled.

But, as you sit in your orchestra chair wondering what "Raffles" would say could he behold his counterfeit presentment upon the boards, you can almost see him turning to Bunny with a mischievous twinkle of amused deprecation and regretting for the first time his misdeeds.

CALVÉ'S REAL AGE

"TELL her real age? Never! Never!! Never!!! C'est effroyable! Ces bêtes Americains! Quelle horreur!"

Forced by an unyielding immigration inspector at San Francisco to give her real age, which years ago got stuck at twenty-four and ever since has refused to rise higher in the tube, Mme. Calvé and Signor Gasparri, her youthful husband, threw several excitable cat-fits at the Golden Gate the other day, when they arrived on the liner "Chiyo Maru," from Japan.

If the diva was not tired at the overtures of the interviewers, she was before she passed through the ordeals

provided by Uncle Sam as a greeting for distinguished travelers. The immigration inspector glanced at the sheet made out for Mme. Calvé by the steamer's purser and saw the age. Throwing his eyes on the song bird, the inspector said forty-four was nearer the mark, and forty-four went.

Further embarrassment came to the singer when the inspector insisted on her real name, and to add to her discomfiture the quarantine officer ignored the diva's request that she be saved from vaccination. But the fates were against her, and she was compelled to join the line to the surgeon's office. She was vaccinated, and the surgeon thinks it will take.

"HUMOR" OR "HUMOUR?"

THE English music hall artist has his own troubles when he comes across the Atlantic to amuse the vaudeville habitues of the States. A fine example of the permanency of error is the standard, brass-bound, orthodox American belief that the Englishman can't see a joke, far less make one. In spite of the contrary evidence furnished by some of the English classics, this belief is the average American's one best bet. Much of this delusion grows out of the different words used in the two countries, of course, and doubtless the average Londoner holds the same notion as to the American's funny-bone.

Anyway, it would have done an Englishman's heart good to listen to the puzzlement of two young Americans when George Lashwood was at his funniest the other night. Mr. Lashwood's songs are well sung and delivered with plenty of ginger, but although the two young men heard the laughs, they couldn't get the point. It was something about an old lady who sat down on a needle, but arose with a smile and walked down the aisle and called for the aid of the beadle.

"Hey?" said one. "I didn't get that. I thought a beadle was some kind of bug. Can't be that here. What is it?"

The friend scratched his head. "Gee, you've got my nanny!" he confessed. "I thought a beadle was a dog. Never could see this English humor, anyway."

MURIEL BUCKLEY AS COUNTESS STOLZBERG IN *The Red Cross Princess*

Not all of Mr. Lashwood's songs are so English, however. As a young swell, he carolled about how he had celebrated his birthday until he couldn't find his house, but walked and walked looking for the number. To save shoe-leather, he explained that this year he had taken the number with him, and this time all he had to find was the door to which the number belonged—a joke that the audience seemed to think was good enough for any nationality. All his sketches are done in character, and are clever depictions of London life.

MARGARET LAWRENDE WHO HAS MADE HER HIT AS ELSIE DARLING IN *Over-Night*

CROSS PURPOSE COMEDY

"I'LL BE hanged if I do"—certainly a title of Williecollieresque pattern with the character of the comedy quite in accord with its exaggerative sound. Willie Collier is not hanged if he does or if he doesn't, although his desperate state at one moment of the play is enough to justify any gruesome apprehension.

It is morning and the son is up. Percival Kelly, beloved child of Hiram and Mrs. Kelly, shifts with halting step across his bedroom floor, realizing that "little affairs" the night before demand too much from the morning after. He

determines to start life anew, and decorates the walls of his conscience with good resolutions written in pink ink. With a start he realizes that he had an engagement for that very forenoon—somewhere—and with someone. But for the life of him he cannot recall place or name. He puzzles hard, but it is of no avail.

The door swings open—enter Hiram Kelly.

He has come to remind Percy of his engagement. What engagement? asks the erring son. A mere nothing, answers papa, except that Celia Sinclair, his betrothed, has been awaiting him at the church for several hours to proceed with the marriage ceremony.

Enter Celia Sinclair with her much flustered, much angered mother and brother. Celia walks up to Percival; in tones of mysterious confidence they talk with each other and unfold the surprising fact that the postponement of the marriage was deliberately and carefully planned, for Celia is in love with someone else, and Percival has obliged her by "forgetting" his own wedding. Not being aware of the plot, however, Mrs. Sinclair expostulates upon the outrage, while the father of Percy, equally heartbroken, orders the miscreant to leave town. For that purpose he gives him $10,000 as a nest egg, wherewith he must honorably establish the name of Kelly amongst the crags and creeks of Nevada. So off goes Percy with his bag of money and a Chinese valet.

It is not long, however, before trouble looms in sight, and totally to his surprise he is placed on trial for life, charged with robbing a stage coach. As the evidence pours in fatal to Percy, the news is suddenly flashed into the court room that a rich vein of gold has been discovered on the prisoner's claim. In the excitement of the general stampede to share in the find, the jury forgets the charge of stage robbing and turns the man loose to enjoy his new fortune. He at once starts East with a trainload of friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson and daughter Bonny—emphasis on Bonny—for, as the story goes, she soon is transmuted into the apple of Percival's eye. Their intimacy is nicely maturing when Mrs. Sinclair, badly advised, insists that the young gentleman carry out his engagement to her daughter. This naturally stirs up an old fire under the hero's feet, and his Nevada sweetheart determines to abandon the rogue to his fate. This is the way the scene winds up:

Exit Mrs. Sinclair. The room is left to Percival and Bonny. With a little burst of bravado he steps up to her:

"Will you marry me?"

"No."

With the gesture of a Daredevil Dick, he draws a murderous pistol and levelling it at her head, cries: "Hands up!"

The helpless heroine obeys instantly.

Stepping boldly forward, he folds both arms about her, and smoothly administers the kiss that tells sufficiently the story of their future.

FROHMAN'S ENGLISH SUCCESSES.

WHEN Charles Frohman came back to New York with the smile of a cat with cream on its whiskers, and the rights to thirty or so English and Continental successes in his suit-case, he thought that for the next season or so he had success climbing a tree and shrieking for help. But the taste of the theatre-going public on this side of the water is not to be forecast, and the actual truth of the matter was that most of his much-advertised successes failed before they had more than opened their eyes and gazed on Hoboken.

"Frohman is always looking for something new just like something that's been tried before," said Wilton Lackaye, commenting on the collapse of "The Little Damozel," one of the much-heralded thirty, a little while ago. "It reminds me of the time he took a company to London and put on a play at Daly's. He spent all kinds of money on the thing, but it lasted about two weeks before the house went dark.

"When the leading man, who fortunately had enough to pay his passage back to New York, got home, somebody asked him what had happened. 'Huh!' he said. 'Small profits and quick returns.' "

DIFFERENT

"THAT'S an odd idea," says the husband.

"What is?" asks the wife.

"This Turkish trousers style that is announced."

"Turkish trousers?"

"Yes—loose, you know, and baggy, and full, like Turkish trousers."

"Well, for goodness' sake! That isn't a new style?"

"Sure it is. The papers are full of it. It's the latest style from Paris—loose, baggy, flowing, Turkish trouser effect."

"Of all things! Well, what won't they do next?"

"That's what I say. I suppose, though, it'll catch on at once."

"Nonsense!" she exclaims. "What man would want to wear such ugly things?"

"Oh, it isn't for the men. It's the new style in skirts for women."

"Let me see the paper right away, dear! Well, how odd, and yet how artistic. I must call up my dressmaker at once and see if she can give me any time next week. I'm not going to let Mrs. Gimbam be first with this, like she was with the hobble skirt."

WANTED: A PERFECTLY KIND HOOKER

"HOOK y' up? Yas'm, Ah shuah will," said Jim, of the Toronto-Sarnia run, to a solitary matron in the sleeper's dressing-room, who had struggled to reach around under her right shoulder-blade until she was in despair.

"One o' them side-winders, ain't it?" he went on, skilfully closing hook and eye. "Ah knows evah way a lady's dress goes on, jes' f'om hookin' up de ladies on dis yere run. If evah Ah loses mah job as po'teh, ma'm, Ah tell yo' what Ah'll do—Ah'll jes' hire out as a lady's maid, *wif*' expe'iunce."

NOT HEARTLESS

"HE is such a cold, stern, unemotional man," we say of the gentleman who has just left us. "Is he really as heartless as he appears?"

"Not at all," explains the other person. "The doctors have taken his appendix, half his liver, part of his stomach, one lung, his spleen, and so much else that really about the only thing he has left is his heart.

OH, MISS SPRING!

O MISS SPRING, ef yo' want to come en sing
Des mek yo' bow en staht right now
Ez glad ez anything!
Nemmine de snow dat stays
Ner de col' en windy days,
But swing de do'—yo' welcome, sho'!—
En come in anyways!.

O, Miss Spring! Ef yo' ready fo' to bring
De johnny-jumps erroun' de stumps
En bluebirds on de wing,
Nemmine de shiv'rin' trees,
But wake up all yo' bees
En apple bloom dat shake puhfume,
En come dess when yo' please.